CHANNEL 4 TO LAUNCH LIVE HEAVY METAL TV SERIES!
FREEBIE TICKET OFFER INSIDE!

March 21 – April 3 No 90 80p

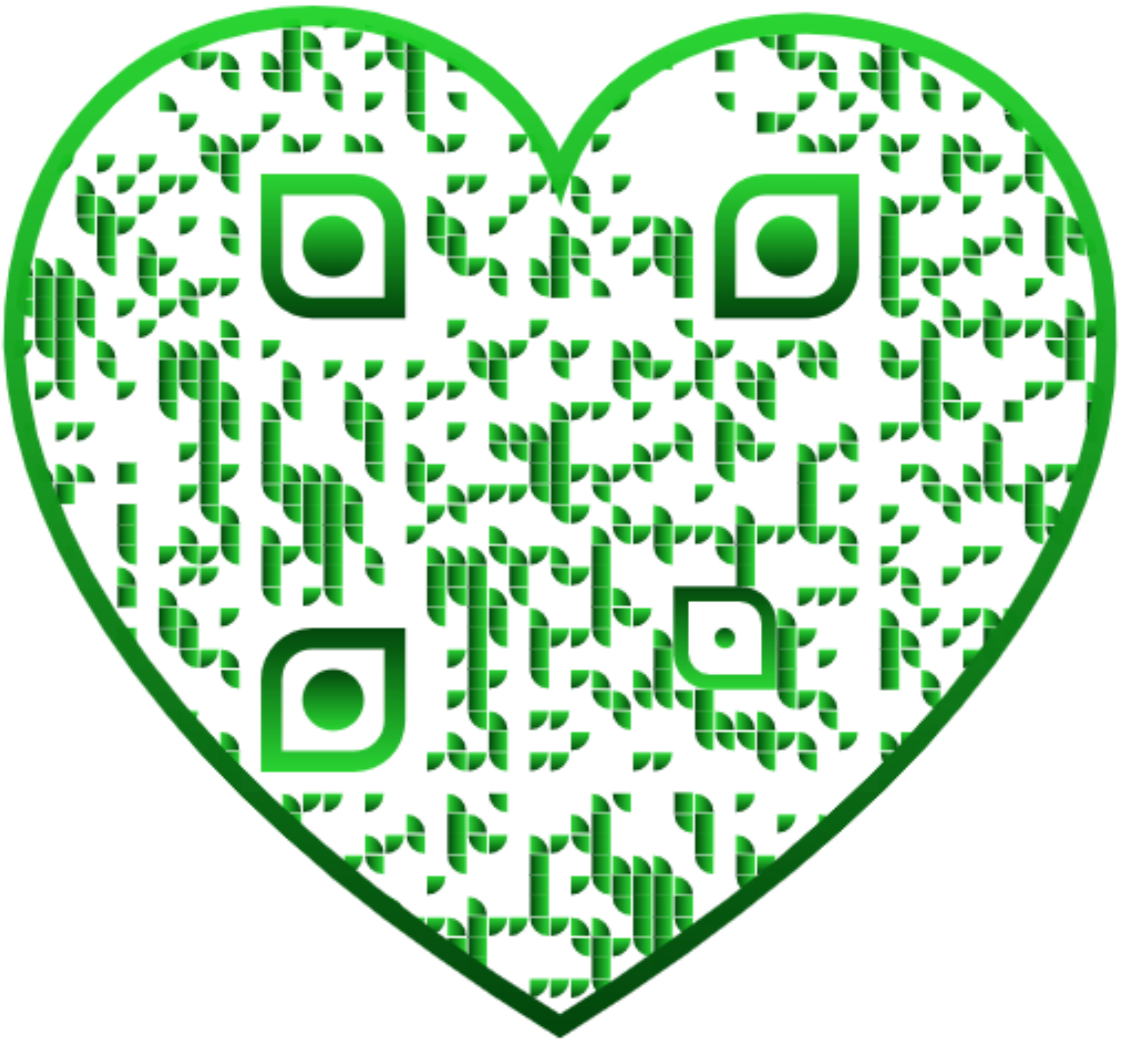
KERRANG!

DEF LEPPARD EXCLUSIVE

JOE ELLIOTT speaks out for the first time since drummer RICK ALLEN'S car crash

GIUFFRIA
URIAH HEEP
TOBRUK
JUDIE TZUKE
MAGNUM

JOE ELLIOTT of Def Leppard: pic Ross Halfin



■ **MÖTLEY CRÜE** (bassist **Nikki Sixx** pictured here) have recently been ensconced in *Pasha Studios*, Los Angeles, laying down the backing tracks for their third LP, **'Theatre Of Pain'**, scheduled for release on the *Elektra* label in May (additional recording will take place at *Cherokee Studios*, also in LA). Producer **Tom** 'Dad' **Werman** is again involved in the project – he worked on the band's previous platinum **'Shout At The Devil'** LP – though **Duane Baron**, fresh from the sessions for the forthcoming **Malice** album, has been brought in to replace **Geoff Workman** on the engineering side.

Songs set to appear include **'Keep Your Eye On The Money'** (a potential single), **'Home Sweet Home'** (a ballad featuring drummer **Tommy Lee** on keyboards) and **'City Boy Blues'** (a swaggering riff-heavy rocker), as well as an unexpected cover version! At one stage the four toyed with the idea of recording a version of **Mountain**'s **'Mississippi Queen'**, but something more – er – appropriate has now been selected. More details soon.

MC, complete with new costumes and stageshow, plan to head out on a world tour early this Summer, probably kicking off with dates in Japan.

Pic Ross Halfin

HEAVY METAL TV SERIES—GET YOUR TICKETS HERE!

'*ECT*' is the title of an exciting new *live* Heavy Metal TV series coming soon to *Channel 4*.

'*ECT*' ('*E*xtra *C*elestial *T*ransmission') will take over '*The Tube*'s slot every Friday from 5.30 to 6.10 pm, starting April 12 and running through to June 14. Four live acts per programme are scheduled, and there will be no presenters or link men – "just great music".

Producer/director Keith McMillan proudly claims that he's aiming '*ECT*' "100% at the *Kerrang!* readership. This will not be a diluted Heavy Metal show, it'll be the real thing."

To this end a brand new set has been constructed to resemble a 'disused organic power station'. 10 cameras will rove around the studio, which will be a full 360° job, with the various bands plying their wares in the centre.

At the time this issue of *Kerrang!* went to press, only Motörhead had been confirmed for the premiere programme of the series – but certainly if McMillan (who also runs a video company called Keefco, which has produced promo shorts for the likes of Kiss, Van Halen and Whitesnake) lives up to his promises, we're gonna be in for a rare audio-visual treat; the kind of TV show you lot out there in *Kerrang!* land have been clamouring for since time immemorial.

In recognition of this fact, McMillan has offered *Kerrang!* the unique opportunity to invite YOU along, with entry tickets totally FREE of charge, to participate in *'ECT' as it happens!* All you have to do is send a A-4 size SAE to *'ECT'* TICKETS, PO BOX 21, LONDON SW6 1QL.

Audience capacity is restricted to between 200 and 300 people per show and you must be available to travel to London any Friday from April 12 - June 14, to arrive (at an address to be specified) by 4.45 pm.

BUT BEWARE! You *must* dress outrageously or you *may not gain admittance!* Prizes will be given to the best examples of male and female 'Space Vermin' present at each programme, so please – wear as many studs 'n' spikes as you can and get your gear truly METAL orientated, or (to repeat) you may not be allowed into the studio. We'd hate for you to be disappointed.

In the meantime, rest assured that we'll keep you fully up to date with future *'ECT'* developments in *Kerrang!*'s regular *Mayhem!* news section.

■ ALTHOUGH **Ozzy Osbourne** and **Uriah Heep** have both been linked with the bill for **Deep Purple**'s appearance at Knebworth Park on June 22, it seems unlikely that either will be in a position to play on the day. Heep are expected to be on tour in the US, whilst Ozzy will be working on his latest studio album, '**The Ultimate Sin**'.

■ A MISTAKE appeared in last issue's feature on Seattle band **Q5**, when bassist **Evan Sheeley** was quoted as saying: ". . . . Myself, original guitarist **Adam Brenner**, **Rick Pierce** and **Gary Thompson** recorded our album '**Steel The Light**' about two-and-a-half to three years ago . . . we rushed the album and didn't look at it right. So, consequently, it sounded terrible."

In actual fact, Sheeley was referring *not* to **Q5**'s 'Steel The Light' LP (just released in the UK through *Music For Nations*), but to **TKO**'s recent opus '**In Your Face**' on which all the aforementioned musicians are featured.

■ **AC/DC** are currently putting the finishing touches to their latest, as yet untitled, studio album in Montreux. Produced by the band and engineered by **Mark Dearnley**, it's expected to be issued on the *Atlantic* label during late Spring.

The quintet are likely to undertake a world tour following the record's release; however no details have been announced so far.

Contrary to repeated rumours, lead vocalist **Brian Johnson** is still with AC/DC. He is working on a solo project to be issued at an unspecified date through *Red Bus Records*, but this isn't expected to interfere with his commitments as a member of the group.

■ **MARILLION** ARE presently working on their third studio album with producer **Chris Kimsey** in Berlin. And, contrary to reports in the national press, the band *won't* be headlining a festival at **Charlton Athletic Football Club** on May 26. However, it is likely that a rock event will be held there on that day in support of Charlton striker **Derek Hales**' testimonial fund.

■ **PRINCE**, who recently collected three '**Grammy**' awards for 'Best Rock Performance' (for the single '**Purple Rain**')/'Best Original Movie Score' ('Purple Rain')/'Best Song' (**Chaka Khan**'s '**I Feel For You**', which first appeared on the 'Prince' album), issues 'Purple Rain' on *Warner Home Video* during April.

The star recently played a show at the Santa Monica Civic Centre in California for an audience of 3,000 mentally and physically handicapped children. Among the new songs featured in his set was '**Tears In Your Eyes**', which will appear on the forthcoming **Ethiopian Famine Appeal** fund-raising album currently being put together in the US for release during the Spring.

STRAIT 'N' NARROW

■ ***DIRE STRAITS*** *(pictured above) will be playing 15 dates in England during June/July:* ***Birmingham NEC*** *June 28-30,* ***Brighton The Centre*** *July 2/3,* ***London Wembley Arena*** *4-13.*

All shows are being sponsored by Philips Compact Disc.

Tickets for Birmingham are priced at £9.75/£7.75/£6.75. They are available from the box office or by post from: ***Dire Straits Box Office, PO Box 77, London SW4 9LA.*** *An SAE must be enclosed with all postal applications and four weeks should be allowed for delivery.*

Tickets for Brighton are available from the box office and the usual agents. They are priced at £9.50/£7.50.

Tickets for the London concerts are priced as follows:

July 4: £12.50/£10.50 (all proceeds will go to the ***Prince Of Wales Trust*** *and* ***HRH Prince Charles*** *will be in attendance).*

July 5-13: £10.75/£8.75.

These are available from the box office, ***London Theatre Bookings, Premier Box Office****, by post from the above address or through credit card bookings at* ***01-439 4061*** *or* ***01-240 0771****.*

The band are currently working on a new studio album which is expected out later this year.

■ **KROKUS** ARE currently completing their extensive tour of America supported by **Accept** and **Rough Cutt**. The trek ends in late April, after which the band will be undertaking a short European visit (which might include a May date in London) before beginning work on their next studio album. This is tentatively scheduled to be recorded in Switzerland during August; as yet no producer has been chosen for the project.

The LP should be issued on the *Arista* label next February.

■ **SAMMY HAGAR** is expected to start work on his next studio album during September with producer **Ted Templeman**. The LP should be issued on the *Geffen* label early in 1986.

■ FORMER **MSG** vocalist **Gary Barden** has now completed the line-up of his new band **Statetrooper**. It features **Ed 'Animal' Stratton** (drums), **Steve Glover** (keyboards), **Steve Johnson** (guitar) and **Fasker Johnson** (bass).

■ FURTHER TO our story in *Mayhem* last issue, **Robin George** re-releases his single '**Heartline**' b/w '**Space Kadet**' on April 5. It will be available in both seven inch double-pack and 12" formats. The former will now include a free 'white label' record featuring '**Dangerous Music**' (as performed during George's recent session for *Radio One*'s '**Friday Rock Show** ') plus another, as yet unchosen, song from the same tapes. The 12" version will contain the same four numbers.

■ **THE TYGERS OF PAN TANG** have just completed work on their latest studio album with producer **Phil Harding** in Blackpool. As yet untitled, it has the following track listing:

Side One: '**Woman In Cages**', '**Desert Of No Love**', '**Protection**', '**Innocent Eyes**' and '**The Wreckage**'.

Side Two: '**Waiting**', '**Victim**', '**Ready To Run**', '**All Change Faces**' and '**Forgive & Forget**'.

As yet no label deal has been signed by the band, whose line-up now features **Jon Deverill** (lead vocals), **Steve Lamb/Neil Shepherd** (guitars), **Brian Dick** (drums) and **Paul Irwin** (bass).

■ **SPIDER** ARE currently recording a new set of songs with producer **Tony Wilson** at Roundhouse Studios in London. As yet, no new recording contract has been finalised for the band.

MORE MAYHEM OVER PAGE

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

■ *ATTIC RECORDS* issue a 10-track compilation album from **Anvil** during late April under the title of '**Back Waxed**'. The full track listing is:

Side One: '**Back Waxed**' (originally recorded with producer **Chris Tsangarides** for inclusion on the 'Forged In Fire' LP, but thought at the time to be 'too gross'), '**Steamin''**, '**Pussy Poison**', '**You're A Liar**' and '**Fryin' Cryin'**' (the last four tunes were recorded 'live' at Phase One Studios in Toronto and produced by the band themselves).

Side Two: '**Metal On Metal**', '**Butter Bust Jerky**', '**Scenery**', '**Jackhammer**' and '**School Love**'.

The LP was put together with the co-operation of Anvil guitarist/vocalist **Lips**.

In the meantime, the band have now parted company with the *CCC* management organisation and, having recorded a fresh batch of demo tapes in the vein of the 'Metal On Metal' album, are presently seeking a new label deal.

■ *PICTURE MUSIC INTERNATIONAL* issue videos from **Helix** and **Queensrÿche** on March 25.

'**The Helix Video EP**' features the following tracks: '**Gimme Gimme Good Lovin'**', '**Rock You**', '**Don't Get Mad Get Even**' and '**Heavy Metal Love**'. With the exception of 'Gimme Gimme . . .' (directed by **Mark Rezyka**) all footage was directed by **Rob Quartly**.

'**Queensrÿche: Live In Tokyo**' is a 50 minute cassette directed by **Lindsey Clennell** at the Nippon Seinenkan Stadium and featuring the following track listing: '**Nightrider**', '**Prophecy**', '**Deliverance**', '**Child Of Fire**', '**En Force**', '**Blinded**', '**The Lady Wore Black**', '**Warning**', '**Take Hold Of The Flame**' and '**Queen Of The Reich**'.

Both videos will be available in Betamax/VHS formats.

■ AMERICAN QUARTET **Black Lace** issue their second album on the *Mausoleum* label during April. Titled '**Get It Whilst It's Hot**', it was produced by **Phil Chilton** at The Yard in Southall. The full track listing is : '**The Jig Is Up**', '**Somethin' Bad**', '**Action Pact**', '**Maddog's Revenge**' (an instrumental), '**Run For Your Life**', '**Speed Of Sound**', '**I Like To Rock**', '**Get It Whilst It's Hot**' and '**The Right**'.

■ FORMER **TYTAN** vocalist **Kal Swann** has joined **Black Sabbath**, replacing the recently-sacked **David Donato**. Birmingham-born, Swann now resides in Los Angeles and has most recently been associated with local act **Lion**.

■ CANADIAN ACT **Razor** have signed a label deal with *Attic Records* offshoot *Viper*. The first release under this agreement will be a re-issuing of their debut album '**Executioner's Song**', re-mixed by engineer **Walter Zwol** at Metalworks Studio in Toronto. This is to be put out during late March.

■ **MAINEEAXE** HAVE just issued their second album on the *Powerstation* label. Titled '**Going For Gold**' it was produced by '**The Commander**' at Ric Rac Studios in Leeds. The full track listing is:

Side One: '**Rock Is The Word**', '**The Score**', '**Going For Gold**', '**Infatuation**', and '**I Will Ride The Storm**'.

Side Two: '**Get Up Get Down**', '**Alone Again**', '**Gimme Your Love**', and '**The Best Is Yet To Come**'.

BYE-BYE TO BYRON

BYRON: he had been given six months to live

*FORMER **URIAH HEEP** vocalist **David Byron** (right) was found dead at his home in Berkshire on February 28. Apparently he was discovered by his former brother-in-law; at present the cause of his death remains something of a mystery, although the possibility of an epileptic fit has been mooted. Already one inquest has been held and at the time of going to press, another one was planned. However, Byron was given just six months to live last Christmas due to the serious deterioration of his liver and was notorious for indulging in heavy alcoholic abuse.*

*The story of David Byron is one of the most tragic in recent rock history. Born in Epping, he rose to prominence with Uriah Heep in the early Seventies, having previously served out an apprenticeship with Heep precursors the **Stalkers** as well as singing on sessions with such luminaries as **Elton John**. Byron presided vocally over all of UH's early triumphs, including albums such as '**Salisbury**', '**Look At Yourself**', '**Demons & Wizards**' and '**Return To Fantasy**'. However in 1976 (after recording ten LPs with the band), Byron was sacked after a bout of internal fueding. He was replaced by **John Lawton**.*

*It's probably fair to say that neither Byron nor Heep were ever the same again. The band lurched along with scarcely any sign of their former glory (until guitarist **Mick Box** revamped the outfit in 1982 and recorded '**Abominog**'), whilst the vocalist disappeared from the scene after a brief liaison with ill-starred 'supergroup' **Rough Diamond**. He briefly resurfaced in the early Eighties with his own band (featuring, among others, **Robin George**), an album titled '**On The Rocks**' for Creole Records and a short tour. But his career was virtually killed off early in 1981 when he collapsed onstage at London's Marquee Club just a few numbers into the set.*

*Byron was a victim of his own vast talent. As his former manager **Maggi Farren** commented recently: "David came to prominence when record companies lavished large amounts of money on rock stars and he became used to seeing his name up in lights."*

He was caught up in a never-ending whirl of drinking and craziness that became an inextricable part of his character. Even when the merry-go-round ground to a halt in '76, he continued to live in the style of high society, eventually winding up spending money he didn't possess. In the end, he was trapped in a net of his own manufacture, like many before him. Byron had to sell his mansion in Reading and move into altogether more humble dwellings, where he lived out the last part of his 37 years alone and virtually friendless.

*There will be those who will look upon Byron's passing as nothing more than a salutory lesson in self-abuse, and to many he'd exhibited a death wish for some little while. Indeed, he probably realised long ago that fame had rested upon him with its feather touch all too briefly before being blown away on the winds of fate, never to return. But, in common with thousands of Uriah Heep fans, I'd like to remember him simply as the man who breathed immortality into one of rock's most emotive of songs, '**July Morning**'. As Maggi Farren so rightly stated: "He had a truly great voice. But in the past few years no-one could spare the time to give him the care and attention required to bring him back to full health and prominence." MALCOLM DOME*

■ LOS ANGELES act **Legs Diamond** are currently recording a new album with engineer **Robert Biles** at Fiddlers Studio in LA. Tentatively titled '**Land Of The Gun**', it's expected to be issued on the *Target* label in the US during May and will be put out through several European countries by *Metronome Records*.

■ **RUNESTAFF** KEYBOARDS player **Kaust Rakhit** died on March 1 age 22, due to 'an accumulation of diseases related to a rare blood disorder called Thalasemia'.

The band, who have just issued their self-titled debut album on the *Heavy Metal Records* label, will carry on and are currently searching for a new keyboards player.

■ **DAVID LEE ROTH** has just issued his mini-album '**Crazy From The Heat**' on the *Warner Brothers* label in the UK. See issue 88 for review.

■ **TWISTED SISTER** issue '**The Price**' b/w '**SMF**' as a single through the *Atlantic* label on March 22. Both cuts come from the 'Stay Hungry' album.

■ **RAVEN** ISSUE a three-track 12" single through *Atlantic* on March 22. The A-side features '**Pray For The Sun**' with '**On And On**' plus '**The Bottom Line**' on the flip. All these cuts come from the band's latest album 'Stay Hard', which is put out in the UK on March 25. See review issue 89.

■ FORMER **LED ZEPPELIN** bassist/keyboardsman **John Paul Jones** issue the soundtrack to the latest **Michael Winner** film '**Scream For Help**' through *Atlantic* on March 22. The LP, which was produced and arranged by Jones, features guest appearances from **Jimmy Page/Colin Green/John Renbourne** (guitars), **Jon Anderson/Madeline Bell** (vocals) and **Graham Ward** (drums).

■ **MARINO THE BAND** issue their debut album, '**Wanna Keep You Satisfied**', through the *LKM* label on March 25. Produced by lead guitarist/vocalist **Marino** with engineer **Steve Smith** (who has previously worked with **Jethro Tull** and **Mick Ronson**) at Denmark St Studios in London, it has the following track listing:

Side One: '**Listen To My Heart**', '**Wanna Keep You Satisfied**', '**Somebody Special**', '**I Don't Know**' and '**Black 'N' White World**'.

Side Two: '**Suzie Don't Rock 'N' Roll**', '**Boarderline**', '**Gonna Make Me Cry**', '**Give Your Love To Me**' and '**Fun For The Money**'.

The band's line-up on the LP is Marino, **Lisa Dominique** (lead vocals), **Dick Glazebrook** (bass) and **Mike Simpson** (drums).

The quartet intend to undertake a UK tour in the near future, with a line-up that is likely to feature Glazebrook on drums (replacing Simpson, who has now left MTB) and a guest appearance from **Airrace** bassist **Jim Reid**.

■ LONDON GLAM ROCK act **Marionette** have signed a deal with *Heavy Metal Records*. The band will begin work on their debut album, '**Blonde Secrets & Dark Bombshells**', in the near future.

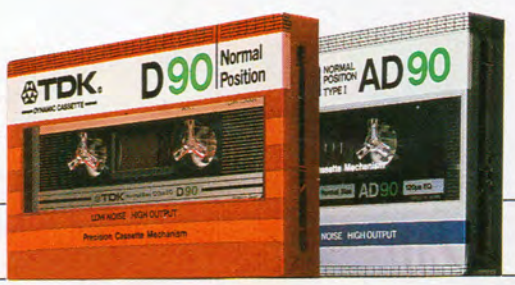
■ NEW YORK act the **Hellcats** recently recorded two new demo songs, '**Hold**' and '**Skyway**', at bassist **Brendan Harkins**' studio in NY. The band's line-up on this session was **Perry Jones** (lead vocals), **Erik Ferro** (drums), Harkins (bass) and **Richie Ranno** (guitar).

The quartet are currently negotiating a new recording deal. In the meantime, Ranno has started production work on the debut album from **Sweet Pain**, a quintet signed to *Combat Records*. The band will be recording a version of '**Cherry Baby**', which appeared on the **Starz** LP 'Violation'.

■ *WINTERLAND PRODUCTIONS* have now taken over managing the affairs of the **Kiss Army Fan Club**. In future, all correspondence and applications should be sent to: ***Kiss Army HQ, c/o Winterland Productions, Suite 500, 150 Regent St, London W1R 5FA.***

■ **SLADE** HAVE just issued a new single on the *RCA* label. Available in seven inch and 12" formats, both feature '**Mysterious Mizster Jones**' on the A-side and '**Mama Nature Is A Rocker**' on the flip. The latter also contains a piano/vocal version of their 1983 hit '**My Oh My**'.

'HEAR NO EVIL.' GEORGE HARDIE.



TDK The great name in tape cassettes.

LEE AARON

THE PROFILE of *Kerrang!* fave Lee Aaron continues to rise. It has now been announced that her third album is to be produced by none other than Bob Ezrin at *Phase One Studios* in Toronto, in conjunction with Paul Gross, who produced her last 'Metal Queen' LP. Recording is expected to commence shortly, with the album due out in May.

A series of European dates is presently being arranged for Lee and her band; they are scheduled to support Uriah Heep in Scandinavia and will follow that stint with a series of headlining gigs across the continent with the possibility of festival appearances before a selection of British shows, her first here since the Reading Festival in 1983.

Since then her band has undergone a series of line-up changes, with only guitarist John Albani remaining from the troupe who played here then. Fellow guitarist George Bernhardt left last autumn to join Hanover Fist and his replacement has yet to be confirmed, but the rhythm section for the album – and possibly the tour as well – is expected to feature April Wine drummer Jerry Mercer and former Streetheart bassist Spider Sinnaeve. Lee Aaron herself will contribute on keyboards (and vocals, of course!), although there are no plans for her to take up her other instrument, the saxophone(!) – PAUL SUTER

JUDIE TZUKE

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Records

GREGG: "It really isn't an ego trip. As a matter of fact, I was the one who voted *against* calling this band 'Giuffria' . . ."

Pic Ray Palmer

HEAVEN CAN WAIT

LAURA CANYON harp-oons one time ANGEL-ic upstart GREGG GIUFFRIA (pictured left)

TIME FLIES like Concorde with an MX suppository.

Here I am back in Hollywood, no further than Dio's head from his feet from the very spot where more years ago than I can count on one hand I was sitting by a shimmering hotel pool, me and a Heineken reflected in Frank DiMino's mirrored shades, watching white-clad Punky Meadow's sculpted hair and painted face melt like a perfect ice-cream replica of the Notre Dame cathedral in the 90° sun, and watching Gregg Giuffria, surrounded like a dog in heat by a pack of poodle-cut female look-alikes.

Ah, *those* were the days! *That* was a band . . .

Angel came down from heaven yesteryear, staying with us long enough to stamp their shows on rock memory for eternity. Who could forget, who once saw them, the giant holographic God face hovering and booming above the stage, the band materialising out of nowhere, nights in white satin, glory of glories, Gregg Guiffria on monumental and mobile keyboards, Frank DiMino on howling vocals, Felix Robinson on bass, Barry Brandt on drums and princely Punky on guitar and hairspray?

We all know they fell from grace, but tried to climb back, shedding the props and the costumes. Just spandex and striped mikestands, the Royal Family without the crown jewels. Angel disappeared. Gregg, being the subject of this piece, escaped to his condo in the French West Indies to ponder on the indignity of losing his wings.

"For a while, yes, it was a case of: where did it go wrong? Then I went through a phase where I was angry, then I went through a stage where I was just depressed, then I got inspired to start some other projects."

And that not being too feasible in the French West Indies, Gregg returned to Los Angeles and "got involved again".

Dabbling with all manner of things: he did demos with Rudy Sarzo of Quiet Riot ("It wasn't right"), tapes with Dennis Fredrickson of Toto ("And that didn't work out"), a project with Ricky Phillips of the Babys ("The chemistry wasn't right"), even working for a while with (a respectful moment's silence) Punky Meadows ("But I was unhappy with the whole thing, it still wasn't right").

Times was tough for the ivory-tinkler. Was it because some people thought he was a has-been? Because Angel hadn't made it with all that hype and razzmatazz?

"They never said that to my face," says affable Gregg. "But it's a dog-eat-dog world . . .

"I wasn't interested in just joining a band, because I knew that for it to be right and to have all the ingredients, it has to be put together from ground level. I'm a firm believer in that: if you want to do something right, do it yourself. Total control is one way of looking at it, but it was real important for me to have the musical direction going in a certain way."

Not just an ego trip, then, his own *Dio*?

"It really isn't. As a matter of fact, I was the one who voted against calling this band 'Giuffria'. We wanted to come up with a name that was unusual, so my singer, David, said, well, let's call it Giuffria. I said no, that sounds too common to me! But it went over quite well."

BUT WE'RE jumping ahead of ourselves here. What about the rumours that bubbled up in the LA gossip cauldron last year that he'd been on the blower to his old whiter-than-white colleagues to reform Angel?

"Those are just what you call them, rumours. That never took place. I had considered using the name 'Angel', because that was my band, I put that one together, but it was put together very quickly, and I didn't take the time to get the correct musicians in there playing-wise. I mean they were good, I don't want to say anything bad about anybody, but it wasn't the chemistry. Something was missing," Gregg muses.

Was he bitter, I wondered, that everything was big about Angel – its hype, its look, its sound – except its success?

"No, because we were headlining Madison Square Garden and Long Beach Arena and huge places legitimately. We just didn't have the record sales to go along with it. I have to say that maybe the band was hyped at first, but we proved we were able to deliver. I think Angel were one of the best performing bands ever. Whereas some bands today will come on and I don't think they give the kids their money's worth, we gave them a little bit too much, I think," he laughs. "No, I have no regrets from those days. Except people didn't take it seriously, and that caused a lot of problems."

GREGG IS as serious as anyone I've ever met when it comes to Giuffria's direction.

"The music is broader. It's visual in a way. It's exciting music, it's taking it a little bit further than just the regular guitar bands, though there's a lot of guitar work on the album, and a lot of keyboard work. It's not a narrow-minded album. And some of the music sounds like soundtracks from films. It's got its extremes." Although they're all embodied in the tall, blond form of Gregg Giuffria. However much he denies a dictatorial role, it's *his* band, *his* direction – just so happened the others shared his tastes, he says, and were happy to go along with it.

David Glen Eisley, vocalist, came first, as the only good and lasting thing to come out of the project Gregg did with Punky. Gregg called him up in January of '84 and asked him if he'd try again.

Was David an Angel fan, I asked the singer? Hesitation. "I used to see their promo and press all over the place, but I never really bought an album, or saw them at all. The truth is out!" Still, he fits right in.

David brought in Alan Krigger, who'd been drumming with the Beach Boys, of all people, and had toured with the likes of Ike And Tina Turner and the Doobies. Chuck Wright, bassist, had been playing sessions around town, including on the Quiet Riot albums. Craig Goldy, guitarist, was recruited from LA's Rough Cutt.

GREGG GIUFFRIA (second from left) in heavenly Angel guise: "I have no regrets from those days"

So they made an album in June of last year, a damn fine album, only less over-the-top than Angel. It's got some lushness but more melody. "Right. I believe in lushness in some places, but in some places I believe in the simplicity of things, a musical line sounds good without nine million things piled on top of it."

Blasphemy on blasphemy! Where's the pomp? Where's everything and the kitchen sink?

"It seems like there's still a lot of people out there who like 'pomp'. I call it 'overproduction'. A full-tilt production is a lot of fun, especially from the musicians' standpoint," but Gregg stands firm for simplicity too.

SO WHAT about the live show, simple or OTT?

"The similarities to Angel are that the band will deliver a larger-than-life type production once we start headlining. And it's a very high-energy show."

Keyboards around his neck?

"Yes, I have one I wear; this one's much more complex, it plays all my keyboards at once and it has a little computer on it and everything."

And white costumes?

"No, we wear strikingly different colours, quite individualised. I have a phobia of white . . . .!"

STARTING THIS issue, *Kerrang!*'s very own *'K'* ratings! That's right, from now on every album reviewed in this magazine will kontain a kwik 'n' eazy *'K'* assessment. See elsewhere on this page for *'K'* ratings details . . .

'K' RATINGS: KKKKK: *Kolossal!* KKKK: *Korrosive!* KKK: *Kompetent!* KK: *Klueless!* K: *Kompost!*

KEEL
'The Right to Rock'
(Gold Mountain Records GM6 5041 import)
KKKK½

Keel-Hauled!

RON KEEL (pictured right with LP producer Gene Simmons): "blistering charisma . . . jack-hammer pandemonium"

MERCY, MERCY, I think we've got ourselves a live one here . . .!

Hanging out on the edge of the more violent corners of LA is a cool-minded dude with a mission of reason. Ronnie Keel (leader, mainman and occupational mouthpiece) knows what side of the law he's preoccupied with, knows that you don't turn a cheek when someone slaps a blade in your face, knows that the only way to stake a slice of the action is to get out there and grab the whole damn packet – gift-wrapped or not!

Ron Keel has been spinning his cultural passion for quite some time now, starting with Steeler (the band who once featured guitar hero Yngwie Malmthingy) before moving into the driver's seat for the formation of Keel and the deliverance of the almost classic *Shrapnel* opus 'Lay Down The Law'. No doubt you'll remember my meteoric critical appraisal, lording it as a definitive statement of lean 'n' mean intent and a record that every hardcore Metal fan should own . . . it really is an almost essential showcase for the blistering charisma of Ron and the jack-hammer pandemonium of the rest of the boys. Like the man screamed, this is the 'Metal Generation'! 'The Right To Rock' is therefore the culmination of everything Keel (the man and band) have been working towards since day one . . . and there's not a wrong move on it.

Generously produced by Kiss man Gene Simmons, who also contributes three songs, Keel have undertaken their big time entrance with enough force and Metallic majesty to guarantee acceptance in a big way. Nine tracks (two songs reworked from the *Shrapnel* LP: 'Speed Demon' and the Stones standard 'Let's Spend The Night Together') power soaked in dense layers of tough guitar, loud drumming and Ron's superbly commanding voice (a primal scream), all packaged in one of the best LP sleeves for some time.

The highlights are numerous, but if guidance is necessary I would personally suggest you latch on to 'Back To The City' (a wild rampage with clenched teeth vocals), 'So Many Girls, So Little Time' (Kiss and make up!), 'Speed Demon' (fully matured this time around) and finally 'Get Down', featuring heavy duty drums and intimidating guitar chords.

Elsewhere matters are just as rampant, especially during the Accept-like road racing spirit of 'You're The Victim (I'm The Crime)' – listen to the pumping double bass drums – and, surprisingly, the crystal clear logic of 'Let's Spend The Night Together', which really is a showstopper in its own right.

Whilst the likes of Mötley Crüe, Ratt, Great White and Quiet Riot recede lemming-like into the mundanity of already *clichéd* existences, Keel have exposed themselves as probably the only real worthwhile alternative. Really, I can't recommend this LP highly enough. DEREK OLIVER

ROY HARPER & JIMMY PAGE
'Whatever Happened To Jugula'
(Second Sight Beggar 60)
KKKK

DO YOU have a decade to spare? For here is an album designed to be savoured and appreciated over many years. Roy Harper has excelled himself with a collection of poems, observations and cries from the heart. A man of wit, humour and sensitivity has entered the battlefield of the music business, and stands waiting judgement. It would be a pity if this work were not afforded respect and worse if it were simply ignored.

Roy is an artist from an earlier, more open era of rock than the present, and it may be difficult for some to equate his gentle, often beautiful songs with modern needs. But there is violence and anger swelling to the surface, and in truth Roy Harper is a man for all seasons.

The songs, '1948', 'Hope' and 'Hangman', which comprise *Side One*, are alone worth hours of contemplation. He sings strongly, at times agonised, sometimes with chilling normality about his nightmare, '*the one in which he pushes the button*'; about the fate of the Earth under an expanding red sun '*in four aeons' time*'; about the terrors and the doubts which assail a thinker. He stands back to let the lemmings rush to their doom, a doom which he thinks he is no less liable to escape.

The production is understated, yet full of interesting, subtle effects, synthesised strings soaring hymn-like against Roy's sepulcre lament on '1948', which sets the pace for the whole album. Jimmy Page's work perfectly completes the mood of each piece – gently urging acoustic guitars, interspersed with harsher, more mysterious electric wails and spine-tingling shivers.

The partnership has worked well, and nowhere does Jimmy, the thorough professional, attempt to impose overpowering guitar work on the songs. Instead he offers a sympathetic and passionate musical endorsement of Roy's moods and messages. The phrases leap out at you with the delayed, slow burning fuse of the master story teller. He lingers over the phrase '*when I push the button*' with an almost sardonic relish. More abrupt is the sudden bellow of '*a million tons of printed s**t come through my door each day*' as he rolls eyes to heaven at the banality of modern life. It's funny, and effective. But between the word play and readings is a band that rocks. The riff on 'Hang Man' grinds into the subconscious as Roy chants with weird phrasing, '*we are creatures of darkness!*'

Sometimes Roy sings alone with a small guitar, as he picks his way through the blooms of the beautiful 'Elizabeth', first unveiled (to my ears at any rate) at the Cambridge Folk Festival last year. Once again the main riff has a gentle, swaying, hypnotic charm, built around descending chords, while in the background Jimmy summons some extraordinary phrases, timed to perfection, that soar into outer space and infinity beyond. 'Elizabeth' is a single and deserves to be a smash hit; I'm sure it will be in America and perhaps, if the gods smile, at home as well.

Listen for Tony Franklin's headbutting bass notes tying up the final bars before Roy launches into the more introspective 'Frozen Moment' and the lightly dancing '20th Century Man'. Roy's extraordinary vocal range is fully displayed on all these songs, from bell-like clarity and intimacy to shouted rages. It's the music and thoughts of a man who has been there and back, in this case . . . to the loo, as Roy unveils the first stereophonic leak on microgroove with the immortal line '*squirt on my shoes*'.

As Roy babbles through 'Advertisement: Another Intentional Irrelevant Suicide' we hear him cry '*I hope the force is still with me*'. Presumably somebody had the task of wiring Roy's loo for sound. This is the closest we've come to a rock opera since 'Tommy'.

I gather they changed the title of the album at least three times. It was going to be 'Rizla' and when I began writing this review it was 'Whatever Happened To 1214?' Now it's 'Whatever Happened To Jugula' and who knows, it may yet change again. But then so does the music, and your perception of it as you listen at different times and in different moods. As I say, an album you need to live with. So move in and exchange contracts, now!

CHRIS WELCH

P.S. Watch out for the throwing up session in the final moments of 'Advertisement' which sounds oddly like a famous vocal performance on a classic supergroup album!

KONTINUES PAGE 12

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FROM PAGE 10

KING KOBRA
'Ready To Strike'
(Capitol St-12386 import)
KKK¾

AFTER MAKING a career of working with a series of major names, Carmine Appice seems to have come home to roost at long last – he's going to find it pretty difficult to quit his own outfit, for that's what King Kobra is.

Inevitably, Appice's soaked up an awful lot in the course of his deeds (and misdeeds) since Vanilla Fudge days, and 'Ready To Strike' is evidence of the shrewdness behind his planning now. The album features archetypal US hard rock – simple yet stirring songs, outstanding vocals and a shade of the Night Ranger magic (yessiree, KK's a dual guitar outfit OK!) are the band's trademarks and fortunately they possess enough identity and vigour to justify themselves amongst a whole host of similar acts.

Vocalist Mark Free emerges as a real find, possessing a clean and powerful voice ably supported here by some neat harmony work. Mind you, guitarists Mick Sweda and David Michael-Philips pull a number of pretty deft strokes themselves with some deliciously electrifying finger exercises and rich, fiery chording. And then there's bassist Johnny Rod, who gets full credit marks simply for being up to the task of teaming up with Appice.

There's a question mark against the album's dynamic breadth, however, and this tends to hamper attempts to home in on the killer track, but there *are* contenders. 'Hunger', for a start, a growling strut that's thrown skywards by the breathless magnificence of the hook (it's the first US single and surely a hit, too). The dangerous urgency of 'Breakin' Out' hits the high spots too, contrasting the understated threat of the verse with a decidedly Dio-ish hook. And 'Second Thoughts' is another winner, albeit with only half a great hook before it goes off the rails.

Even where the overall marks are lower, however, there's still a selection of great moments to plunder, including some excellent intros ('Ready To Strike', 'Shake Up', 'Breakin' Out', 'Dancing With Desire') and stirring, catchy hooks. There's a slice of Night Ranger (who's complaining?) which keeps 'Tough Guys' alive, and 'Dancing With Desire' is a bemusing prod at Planet P of all people, but everything nangs together satisfying well and KK have undeniably made their debut in style.

PAUL SUTER

VARIOUS
'Born To Metalize'
(Megaforce MRI 669 import)
KKK½

THERE'S A stain running down my shirt. It's gathering bright red momentum as the wooden casket beckons me onward. Blood! Cut! Thrust! Spurt! Artery! . . . Metal!!!

HM should be straight up your ass if you ask me. It's the only way you'd ever wanna hear true Metal, right? Stick those headphone jacks straight up the anal retentive and blast your arse, maaan. So what 'ave we 'ere, eh? Four screaming New York acts with moto-thermia – warm valves and plenty of crank to their Yank.

Let's start at the bottom, though. Tortured Dog (a quartet) might be able to play at full throttle, but there's not exactly much style or breadth to their Mercyful Fate-like sound. OK for a quick haemorrhage, but little else. Sneak Attack (another foursome) again make a resonable mountain out of their molehill-sized talent, but you won't find me on the outside looking in when/if they ever get to do a full album

On to Hades. Now, 'Dinky Toy' Dickson once made the mistake of hammering nails into an early single from this quintet, since when they've taken to issuing dark and brooding threats about the safety of his stackheels. Actually, everything *I've* ever heard from 'em has impressed. They're hard and gnarled, but do know how to carry off a solid-state enterprise. 'Rogues March' is a very fine piece of doom-laden/sweat-soaked mayhem and if their other 'BTM' contribution, 'Gloomy Sunday', is a little trivial then at least they still sound like a good band on a rare off-day. I wanna hear more, more, more . . .

Finally to the ace in the hole (in fact a whole pack of aces) – the Beast. Rumoured to be uglier than Dumpy in his loincloth, there's no doubting that they're the best hard-core, all-out, unashamed American Metal act I've heard since Xavier Russell first force-fed me those excellent early Metallica demos. A five-piece, they come on like classic Priest with a flash of Metallica's sprint style. It's breathtaking and (to quote Eddie Money) I think I'm in love. 'Randall Flag', 'Is This Life', 'The Shape' . . . every one is a (mega)force to be reckoned with.

Yeah, 'Born To Metalize' is a very fine taster for the shape of things which might come to pass. Oh well, see you soon, I'm off to do something about that stain . . .

MALCOLM DOME

ALCATRAZZ
'Disturbing The Peace'
(Capitol ST12385 import)
KKKK½

WELL, WHAT a turn up for the books! For once in his life ol' Graybags Bonnet has done something smart! No more dropping strides and exposing flaccid 'todge' to the masses, no more hiring pretentious Scandinavian upstarts to masturbate a fretboard all over a messy album (you really can't afford that kind of action!), no more farting about in indie label land! Nah, Alcatrazz are at last in the big league, sporting major label back-up and an even more major guitar talent in former Zappa sidekick Stevie Vai. Here the band wave noo colours and come up with one red hot noo album!

Now whatever perversions young Stevie might be into (getting spanked by buxom French wenches, according to Frank the man!) is not important right now! What matters is that the guy is able to show off his talents within a true *group* framework. The difference between Vai and Yngwie Malmsteen is obvious even to the casual browser. The former knows exactly how to insert his tool to achieve maximum impact *within* song structures, whereas the latter *uses* songs simply to inflate his Guitar Hero ego. Like, big deal! Give me the former any time, give me this here release!

'Disturbing The Peace' is a real giant amongst minnows. It's accessible, it's complex, it's musical, it's heavy as hell, it's all things to all men . . . it's a BLOODY GREAT ALBUM!

So where do we start? At the beginning I guess, and the beginning of this epic saga is 'God Blessed Video', apparently a piss-take of Durannie-type 'Bounty Hunter' vids. Well, my penchant for all things 'Wild Boy' is well documented, but be that as it may, 'GBV' is a stunning opener, drummer Jan Uvena and Vai himself hammering down some serious heavy rockin' staccato action.

And that tune really is just the cream on the cake – and while we're discussing cream, we'd best mention 'Stripper', a tongue-in-cheek paean to those gals who all men secretly love. Against a swaggering backbeat we're treated to one of those Valley Girls asking if we like her spurs while Bonnet incites her to take 'em off! Sound advice, but leave the record most definitely *on*, so as not to miss the mighty strains of all-time epic 'Mercy', 'Will You be Home Tonight?' (surely the first 45), where keysman Jimmy Waldo helps the Alcys out-Toto Lukather's mob, and the vocal gymnastics of 'Desert Diamond'.

Malcolm Dome would tell me that this album is the Everton of the rockin' world, with no weaknesses in any department, and my God (or his, for that matter!), you have to agree! From well-worn road tales such as 'Sons And Lovers' through to more thoughtful lyrical fare such as 'Skyfire' and 'Desert Diamond', there really are no low points, especially with Vai pasting the opposition with his incisive play (giving 110 per cent out on the park, Brian!)

There's an awful lot more to tell, of course, but I figure I should leave you to discover Bonnet's remarkable revival for youselves.

HOWARD JOHNSON

THE TUBES
'Love Bomb'
(Capitol FT 12381 import)
KK

"RUBBER? Yeah, the boys love rubber! Shrink tubing with a hair dryer!" When Frank Zappa kicks 'Crew Slut' into gear on his utterly hilarious 'Joe's Garage' album he always brings to mind images of his wacky rock 'n' roll cohorts the Tubes! Tubing? Hell yeah, I loved their wild antics, saw Quay Lude stomping all over those substance-induced dreams of mine and cried out in delirious joy while trying to figure out that Goddamn 'Completion Backwards Principle'!

Tubing was a total experience, from music, through staging, to video (viddy 'Sports Fan' for an immortal snatch of Fee Waybill's whanger, gals!), and it could leave you well giddy in its exuberance!

'Love Bomb' is the latest Waybill wandering but I'm sorry to say that the total Tubes concept seems to have left its own music behind, laying bare an album that's a little too difficult to digest. A little . . . well . . . *rubbery!* 'Love Bomb' slips into your consciousness and then heads right on out again just as quickly. Bounce, bounce, bounce!

There are moments when the Tubes recall halcyon days of yore, most notably in a quick opening foxtrot one two three of 'Piece By Piece', 'Stella' and 'Come As You Are'. This is the Tubes at their best, coupling sophisticated FM with their intrinsic quirkiness, but from there on in it's all pretty perfunctory fodder. The radio rock sounds forced to me ('One Good Reason' – money maybe! The disco/funk of 'Love Bomb' itself – they've been listening to too much George Benson!) and the oddball textures of 'Bora Bora 2000' and 'Theme From A Wooly Place' seem to seek justification solely in their strangeness. They don't really cut it!

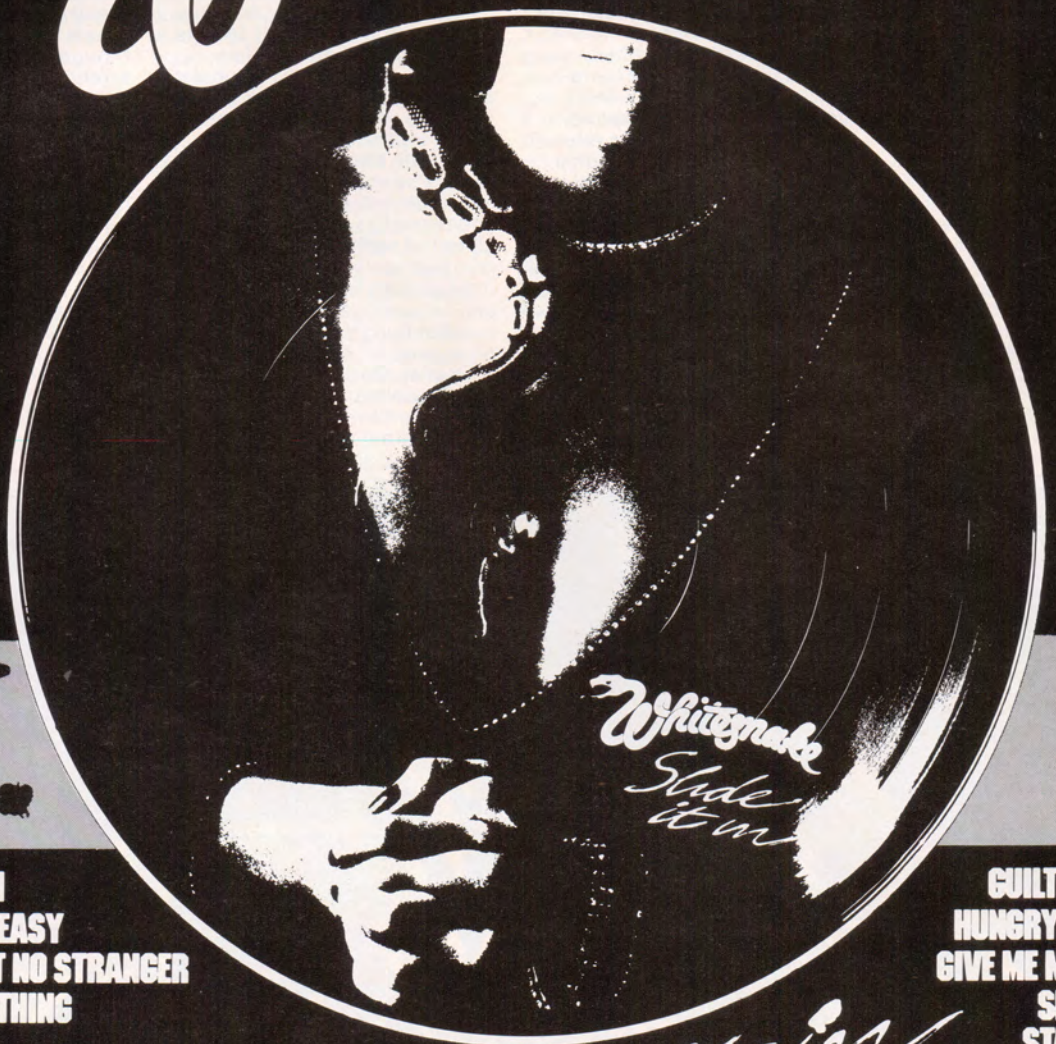
HOWARD JOHNSON

MORE REVIEWS PAGE 14

ALCATRAZZ (Graham Bonnet far right): no sign of flaccid 'todge' this time around

SPECIAL

Whitesnake



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FROM PAGE 12

WARRIORS
'Warriors'
(Attic LAT 1206)
KKK½

EXACTLY WHAT LA's Warrior think about a band called *Warriors* beating them to the draw is not on record as yet, but they can't be too pleased; this Canadian release has been on the streets for a couple of months and there's bound to be a degree of confusion to come.

Warriors are a strange aggregation – three Yugoslavs who moved to Canada and took on two new players in that country before recording an album there and then having it mixed in America by a German (Michael Wagener)!

It's the yowling, shrieking vocal might of Dusan Nikolic that strikes home first on the storming powerhouse 'Try Again' which opens the album. The track's close to a monster, and with a quick flick of the wrist around the volume control a second level HR nirvana is at least not too far away.

'You Keep On Shining', 'Diana' and 'I'm Begging You' continue to impress but the delivery itself somehow fails to excite, and it's only on the rather raunchier 'Light It Up' that the band strike form of some sort on a piece of tense big production rock wherein guitarists Doug Platt and Zoran Konjevic get to flex their muscles.

Side Two's rather more impressive as a whole. 'God Save The Children' is a racing rocker which opens like Styx gone Satanic, leading into the propulsive, stylish 'Flight Of The Children' with its casual, colourful guitar work and sleazy, easy vocals. 'Money Lover' proves simplistic but fiery and then the magnificently arranged 'Carry On' sees the album out on a highpoint, its twisting bodyswerve suddenly snapping into a snarling, angry power.

To be frank, Warriors are not yet a fully fledged all-round success. Nevertheless, the album does succeed in impressing with its evident qualities and potential. But can I count them as Canadians?

PAUL SUTER

RUNESTAFF
'Runestaff'
(Heavy Metal Records HMR LP 26)
KKK

AND SO the rise to respectability of *Heavy Metal Records* continues! A tasteful, albeit rather dull, sleeve and a band with genuine potential – talk about tales of the unexpected.

Despite the pathfinding roles of the likes of Jennie Haan , Sonja Kristina and Jill Saward (Fusion Orchestra) in the mid-Seventies, Britain has subsequently failed to come up with any decent female fronted rock bands until Runestaff wormed their way into public view with this debut release. They've played a number of out of town dates, but first gained attention in the *Kerrang*! office *via* a demo that was unfortunately marred somewhat by a rather dated approach yet nevertheless suggested that the band might develop into something interesting. They did.

RUNESTAFF: 'a refreshing brand of thoughtful hard rock'

Mercifully, Runestaff are now firmly planted in the Eighties, delivering a refreshing brand of thoughtful hard rock with plenty of panache, and vocalist Joanne Syme has the makings of an impressive performer. The band adopt a powerful, driving stance and have come up with what is nearly a classic example of British HR. They remain held back though by some – perhaps inevitable – first album stumbles, and Syme has yet to develop true all-round ability with which to complement her basic power. But if the growth from demo to first album continues, then LP number two should be a killer on all counts.

Opener 'Do It' sets the scene with a powerful rumbling backbone courtesy of bassist Jamie Durant and drummer Kevin Hunt, and the dual guitars of Wayne Moyez and Andy Page exhibit a muscular yet consistently colourful style that's both *interesting* and briskly energetic. The band's powerful brand of pop/Metal is both easily accessible and pleasingly thoughtful – in places the arrangements falter and bumble but overall the effect is impressive, most notably on 'Road To Ruin'.

The atmospheric undertow of the song has much to commend it, with the rippling tension of the guitar work neatly counterpointed by Syme's deftly cast vocals; it's just a shame that Kaust Rakhit's keyboard colours have been pushed too far back in the mix.

Overall, however, there's little to carp about that growth won't put right, and the likes of 'Time's Running Out', 'Road To Ruin' and the title track

PAUL SUTER

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'Gates Of Purgatory'
(Noise N0012 import) KK
SINNER
'Danger Zone'
(Noise N0013 import) KK½
OZ
'III Warning' (RCA PL 70564 import) K
MADISON
'Diamond Mistress' (Rixi trix LP 111 import) KK¾
MAD MAX
'Rollin' Thunder' (Roadrunner RR 9838) KK½
DEMON EYES
'Rites Of Chaos' (Ebony Ebon 19) K

EURO-METAL – who needs it?

Alright, maybe that *is* a trifle unfair. There *are* some great European bands around (Norway's TNT and Germany's Accept, to name but two) – it's the preponderance of dross beneath them that is so distressing!

Needless to say, it was with trepidation that these 'magnificent seven' were approached, and none with greater anxiety than Celtic Frost, a Swiss (I believe) power trio who deal in all that demonic drivel *via* Metal varying from 80 – 100 mph! With titles such as 'Procreation (Of The Wicked)' and 'Danse Macabre', Celtic Frost sum up everything I loathe in this area of rock 'n' roll. I'm not afraid to say that Satan sucks!

After such a start to a day's reviewing, the prospect of Running Wild's 'Gates Of Purgatory' was about as enticing as a bad case of the runs, but blow me down if I wasn't quite impressed . . . mainly because the sleeve didn't have a record in it! See, the Lord comes to those in need! Running Wild's biog claims that they play 'superhard speed Metal as well as impelling hard rock of the old school!' They just look like Priest worshippers to me!

Onwards ever onwards to Sinner, a Bosch act who seem to thrive on the tackiest of Metal *clichés*, from provocative moniker to the truly appalling teutonic titillation of 'Danger Zone's' sleeve! Amazingly, this third album is musically impressive. Its axis revolves around some ferocious playing coupled with an obvious ear for melody. The title track, 'No Place In Heaven' and 'Wild Winds' (put that bog roll in the fridge, Xavier!) in particular hit the mark and, in all honesty, why Sinner have to burden themselves by presenting what is almost Metal *pastiche* when they are obviously adept as writers and musos is beyond me!

Now Oz intrigued me only for the fact that the same monicker was once held by self-styled rock Adonis Alex T. Angel and black axe whizz-kid Gregg Parker! Now *those* hot dogs had style, *real* rock 'n' roll style, but Oz Swedish style are an all Heavy Metal Bonzo Band, wagging collective tails at typical Metal *cliché* style! They end up chasing those self-same tails 'n' all – woof, woof, WOOF!

Then again, I possibly wouldn't say no to a tipple of Madison, a five-piece act from (I presume) Stockholm. They possess a clone of Wolf Hoffmann on guitar, a bit of a prat on vocals and a cluster of powerful, well constructed songs that give more than a nod towards the Dio-inspired 'Big Rock' sound. Muscle inspired with melody.

Blowing back downwind into Germany we come smack into contact with Mad Max. Nothing too original in terms of presentation – but the band have a nice line in raunchy balls-out rockers, and vocalist Michael Voss has a pretty potent larynx that manages to pull some of the more banal moments through.

Opener 'Fly Fly Away' is bright 'n' breezy enough while the instrumental 'Yours Sincerely' somehow reminds me of da Quo gone Me(n)tal!

And finally on this whistle-stop tour of Euro slaughterhouses we reach France, certainly the worst hellhole in Europe and proud owners of Demon Eyes, one enormous pile of '*merde*'. Let's just say that Trust are the only French band to have aspired towards greatness and that situation ain't about to change with this crock of crap!

HOWARD JOHNSON

CONEY HATCH
'Friction'
(Vertigo VERL 23)
KKKKK

AFTER THE glossy but shallow 'Outa Hand' LP there seemed to be a clear prospect of Coney Hatch going 'tits up' by their own hand, victims of style without content. But the happy news is that 'Friction' is already assured of a place in my Top Twenty albums of 1985.

Right from the start it's clear that the Hatch boys are back in business – the swaggering bare-chested bravado of 'This Ain't Love' lays it on the line in fine style, a mid-tempo mauler prodded along by the crashing drums of ex-Toronto man Barry Connors.

Track number two is the album's killer, however, a glorious piece called 'She's Gone'; it's mid-paced HR warmth but there's a rocket up its ass and the burning body-blow of the hook is true eleven out of ten material. The pace picks up for 'Wrong Side Of Town', but then the boys ease back on the gas pedal again with 'Girl From Last Night's Dream', a rock ballad with the tempo never dropping too far away from the energy level established right at the start of the album and re-emphasised with *Side One's* signing off tune, the squirming, thumping attack of 'Coming To Get You'.

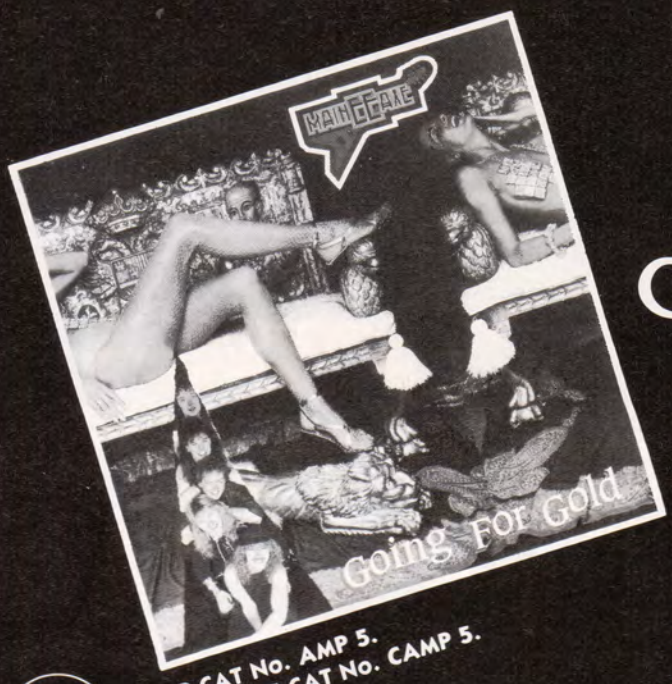
Side Two is action all the way, right from the jagged, dangerous *intro to 'Fantasy' through to the* swaggering muscle of 'He's A Champion', with Connors brutalising his kit once again.

'State Line' races excitedly and concluding cut 'Burning Love' finds Hatch striding manfully across a stark Metallic moonscape. However, there's as much inherent melody as obvious muscle here to prove that the band have clearly come of age.

PAUL SUTER

MORE REVIEWS PAGE 17

NEW ALBUM FROM



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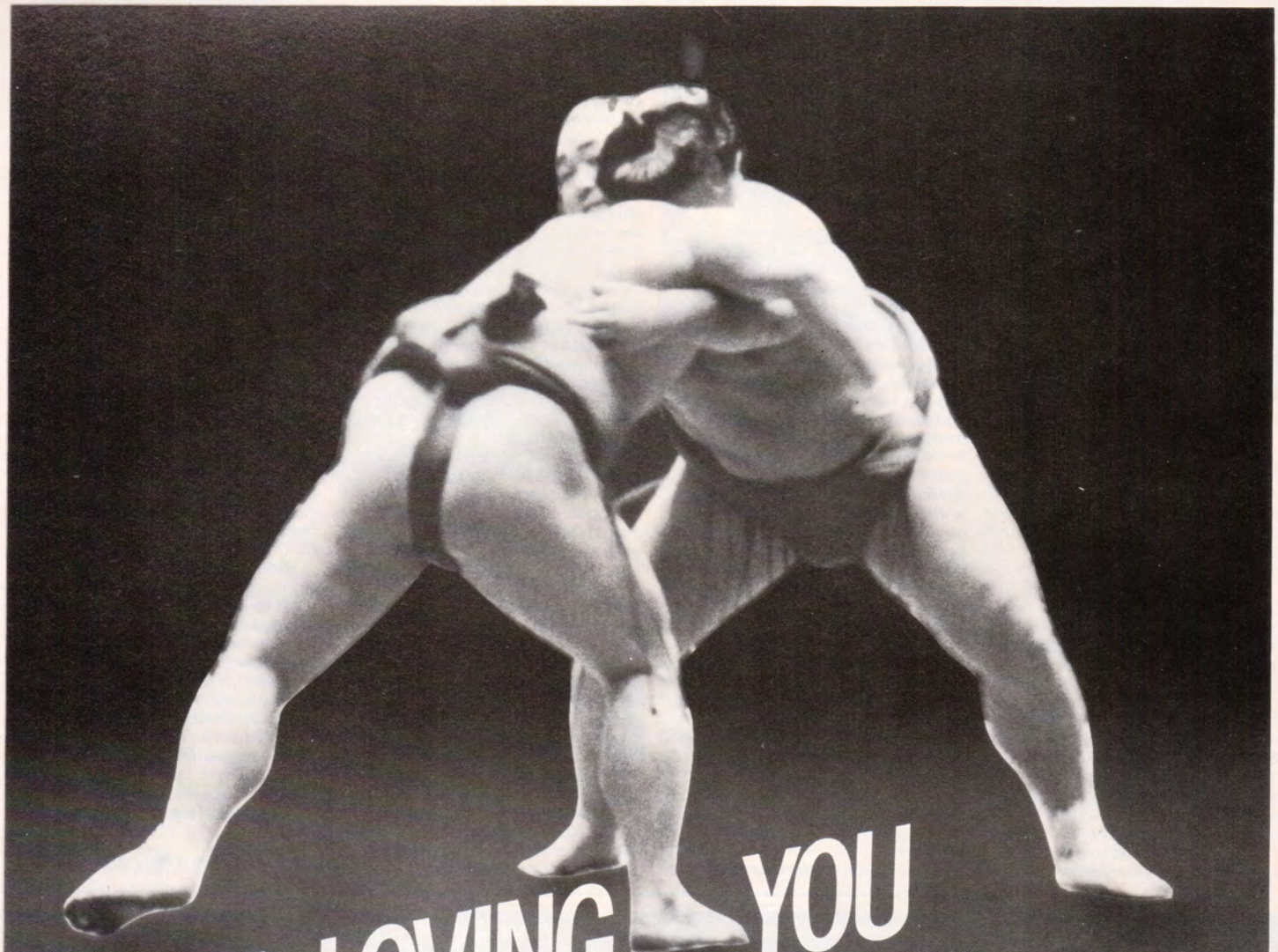

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SCORPIONS

HARVEST

FROM PAGE 15

BOY-OH-BOY, what a lot of imports there are about at the moment – and look at the prices!

The strength of the US dollar right now has one great advantage in making Britain and Europe much more accessible to even the smaller North American bands, and the pioneering visits of the likes of Lee Aaron, Hellion and Thor (who even settled here for a while) are no longer such a major event. But on the reverse side of the coin, the prices of US records arriving on these shores are reaching horrific levels, and it's a brave man who puts his money where his heart is without knowing for sure that the disc's worth the cash.

And so it was that a pile of imports was thrust at yours truly for review, with value for money a more important criterion than ever before. To cut a long story short, I wouldn't spend a tenner on *any one* of these, but if you're one of the subscribers to the theory that Suter's a stone deaf *imbecile (Join the queue – Ed)*, then perhaps the words that follow might inspire you to rush down to your friendly local import store cash handed.

We'll see . . .

THE NINJA
'Warriors of Rock'
(Rage Music International RMI 002)
KK

BEAUTIFULLY PACKAGED and a wonderful idea – Californians harnessing the image of the Japanese martial arts, but unfortunately the contents are no more than average.

The band are mildly melodic Metaloids and it sounds like a fair amount of money and effort has gone into 'Warriors Of Rock' (aren't you getting bored with spurious umlauts?), but to little avail.

The songs are no more than average and the potential power of the Oriental influence is rarely capitalised on; moreover, Billy MacFarland plays some notably naff guitar breaks to spoil things even further. Definitely a case of style over content – next, please.

CHASTAIN
'Mystery Of Illusion'
(Shrapnel SH1018)
KK

EEEK – it's on Shrapnel! Guitarist David Chastain's an impressive player though, and turns in some good work during the course of the album, investing the band's basic HM with rather more imagination than the dreadful sleeve would suggest.

The group's fronted by former (?) Rude Girl vocalist Leather (Leather? Gimme a break!) who's very much in the Ann Boleyn vein but lacks the true excitement that the ex-Hellion vocalist is capable of capturing; there's also more than a touch of the Lee Aarons in 'Night Of The Gods' and 'We Shall Overcome', but once again the magic just isn't there.

Maybe it's down to the material itself, which lacks the ruthless discipline of great writing, and goes for the easy, pacey HM approach, investing nothing more than the odd guitar part with genuine thought.

Given time, Chastain could develop into something striking, but this is not a tenner's worth.

IMPORTS

Round-up by PAUL SUTER

LEATHER: an ex-Rude Girl now fronting Shrapnel signing Chastain

WEAPONS
'Captive Audience'
(Metro America MA1010)
KK

ON THE edge of excellence but falling short, Weapons do actually pull a couple of very good songs out of the fire on 'Captive Audience', and the production of former Brownsville man Henry 'H Bomb' Weck is better than on most independent releases too.

Apart from a rowdy cover of Nilsson's 'Jump Into The Fire', the band muster some stylish commercial HR with 'Don't Count On Me' and nearly execute a masterpiece with 'Love Games', an epic duel of light and shade, but vocalist Tom Ingham botches it repeatedly in shooting for something he can't quite reach, marring an otherwise sterling performance.

Nearly, but not quite . . .

JACK WAGNER
'All I Need'
(Qwest 25214-1)
KKK

WAGNER'S ALBUM looks like he's a singer-songwriter, but in fact they're not his songs, although his guitarist Clif Magness does get a fair share of the credits.

'All I Need' is danceable synth coloured rock which appears to have looked closely at the likes of Bryan Adams and Bruce Springsteen and then toned them down into bright and breezy exercises in US radio rock which largely fail to grab the attention to any great degree.

Exceptions are the heartfelt big balladry of 'Whenever Hearts Collide' and a great song called 'Make Me Believe It', which could prove absolutely stunning in less relaxed hands, but overall it's an album which fails to distinguish itself without ever being anything less than good. But good's not enough any more is it, *mes enfants*?

FIONA
'Fiona'
(Atlantic 7 81242-1)
KKKK

AH, NOW this is more like it – but do we have this year's Backseat Sally on our hands, *ie* release one good record and then wave goodbye?

Fiona Flanagan's a powerful vocalist who flaunts herself in front of some mighty, meaty guitar work from former Starzman Bobby Messano with aplomb. She would appear to be the tool of producer Peppi Marchello, who takes most of the writing credits along with bassist Donnie Kisselbach, and I'll bet that she's a former bar band singer whose talent won't be backed by the breaks she's (not) going to get.

'Fiona' has the sound of a ballsier, more biting Cindy Valentine – and with far better vocals, too. Apart from the mistake of trying to match Amanda Blue's impassioned delivery on a cover of Shanghai's 'Talk To Me', Fiona turns in some impressive performances – notably on the biting powerplay of 'Rescue You' and the raucous thrash of 'James'. And even the one actual duffer on the album 'Na Na Song' (which translates as '*we had this great idea but couldn't think of any decent lyrics for it*') finds Messano coming to the rescue, bashing out the chorus like his life depended on it.

If you can pick this one up at a reasonable price go for it . . . but be tentative with your tenner!

WIDOW
'GoneToo Far'
(Albatross/CBS Associated BFZ 39888)
KKK

NOW THIS is definitely a bar band – listen to the record and you can just see the Tuesday night nubiles bopping away in their tight blue jeans under the flashing coloured lights suspended over the dance floor as the band strut their highly polished but largely uninspired stuff.

Female fronted to draw in the beer-drinking punters, Widow are a sturdy, workmanlike five-piece augmented by some pretty naff session keyboards, exhibiting their roots in the bars by cloning rather than just covering the excellent Lydia Taylor's 'Bitch' to open *Side One* and following shortly afterwards with a largely undistinguished shot at Spider's 'Burning Love'. You know which Spider I mean; nobody would cover one of *their* songs . . .

The album's second side does actually repay the patient endurance of *Side One* though, sounding significantly more purposeful. The magic touch is still missing – which means that a potential colossus called 'The Stand' ends up frustratingly short of its evident target – but the edge invested in 'Give Me A Reason' and 'Get The Message' suggests that Widow could mature into something quite interesting given time. Whether that time will be available to them remains to be seen though . . .

PETRA
'Beat The System'
(A&M SP5067)
KKK

WELL, WHAT do you expect from a Christian rock band named after 'Blue Peter's dead dog?

OK, I'm being unfair – they've probably never heard of 'Blue Peter' – and I refuse to say anything more about the Christian issue other than to point out that all tracks have references on the lyric sheet to the sections of the Bible from which the lyrical topics are presumably drawn, save for the Russ Ballard cover. Yes, you guessed it – 'God Gave Rock And Roll To You'!

Petra are the AOR to Stryper's Metal, very much in the vein of Shooting Star and Kansas without risking any of the peaks of Metallic drama to which both outfits have been known to rise from time to time. Rather than light and shade it's all fairly light stuff but with enough character to more than pass the test of adequacy, thanks in no small part to the modernistic synthwork of John Lawry and some sturdy guitar from Bob Hartman. The cool charm of 'Hollow Eyes' and the spirited drive of 'Adonai' exhibit the band's potential and they score further points for a good sleeve too – but waiting for the next stage of their development might be a smart idea.

ADAM BOMB
'Fatal Attraction'
(Victor VIL 6144)
KKK½

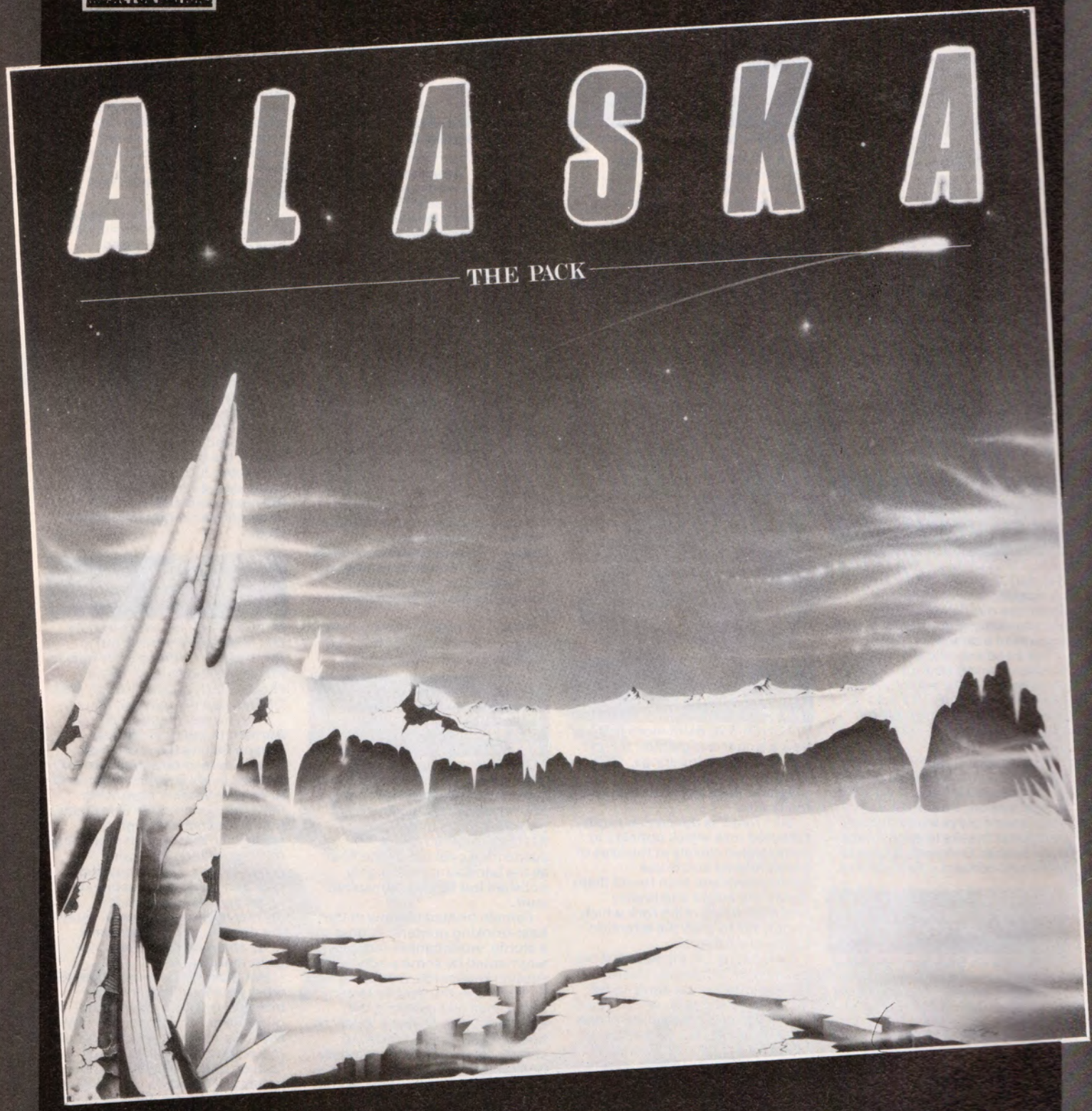
FORGET THE Japanese import tag, 'Fatal Attraction' is out in America on *Geffen* shortly and so may even show up on these shores at UK prices through *Epic*. Or then again it may not . . .

With former Flame and Aerosmith guitarist Jimmy Crespo flailing the six strings, there's sure to be a modicum of interest in Mr Bomb's debut, and to be sure when it's good it's very, very good. *Side One* poses many questions though, especially 'that sounds weird, has my stylus fallen off?', and answers only a few – pouting rock and roll Metal disappearing up its own khyber with the atmospheric instrumental 'Israel' the only exception because it goes absolutely nowhere, not even there.

But *Side Two* is much more like what the rock and roll doctor ordered, opening up with the glorious gumby ranting of 'I Want My Heavy Metal', which kicks off in a wonderfully off-the-wall fashion and succeeds in getting better and better as it progresses. 'Russian Roulette' follows in fiery form, leading on to the slashing attack of 'It's A Bust', where sleaze and Metal meet in a dark alley and kick each other in the crotch (there's even a sax on sleaze's team!), and finally it's over and out with the proudly potent 'Prime Evil'. So what went wrong with *Side One*, chaps?

Which only leaves me with one further question – how would you like to be this guy's postman, delivering packages with 'A Bomb' written all over them???

MUSIC FOR NATIONS
PROUDLY PRESENTS .....



ALASKA "THE PACK"

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ON MUSIC FOR NATIONS

MFN 41

STRIP TEAZERS

ANDY CURRAN and STEVE SHELSKI of CONEY HATCH bare all to PAUL SUTER

AFTER THE promise of their eponymous debut album (released in 1983) Coney Hatch had looked like a future force to be reckoned with. But the follow-up LP 'Outa Hand' was polite and somewhat disappointing. It did very little for them and after their deal with *Phonogram* was terminated, a life on the Canadian bar circuit loomed large.

But mercifully the deal was re-negotiated and, fuelled with new conviction and enthusiasm, work was commenced on a third album, 'Friction' (see review this issue).

The good news is that it's an absolute corker, combining the material excellence that distinguished parts of the first album ('Devil's Deck', 'Love Poison') with the undeniably excellent production of 'Outa Hand', Max Norman again taking the helm.

I met band members Andy Curran (bass) and Steve Shelski (guitar) recently, who filled in the gaps in the story:

ANDY: "It took some time finding our new drummer, Barry Connors, but we also spent much more time writing the songs for 'Friction'. We realised that we couldn't risk what we did on 'Outa Hand', that is going in with 11 tunes and having no choice but to use them all. This time we had 17 or 18 to choose from. We made a conscious effort to get the tunes together this time, with Steve and I joining up and then giving our ideas to Carl (Dixon, vocalist/guitarist) to work on with us.

"On the previous albums we'd worked individually. It has been a big ego thing before, but there really isn't room for that any more. This time we were actually prepared to accommodate each other's styles. Before I was never really prepared to do anything commercial. I wanted to be real heavy, Steve wanted to do lots of real intricate stuff, and Carl didn't want to be heavy at all. This time we gave, we bent a little, and that's why this album sounds better than the other."

IT SURE does, boys, it sure does. As well as containing the strongest, most cohesive set of songs Coney Hatch have yet proffered, the production's also spot on, which in fact continues one theme from the preceding record where Max Norman's work was the only really creditable facet of the album. But with the likes of Kim Mitchell (producer of CH's first album) and even Aldo Nova waiting in the wings, why did the Hatch stick with a man who has been associated with what was ultimately a failure?

CONEY HATCH (from left): Carl Dixon, Barry Connors, Steve Shelski, Andy Curran

ANDY: "As well as those two guys you mentioned we also spoke to Eddie Kramer and Lance Quinn, but when it came down to making a decision we decided to go with someone we knew. Sure, we knew Kim Mitchell too, but with his new band taking off his schedule was pretty full and we would have been difficult to fit in."

STEVE: "To be fair, the problem with the second album was the writing and not the production; we felt that if we could give Max the tunes it would work out, and I guess it did.

"As far as Aldo Nova goes, he's a real fan of the band. He covered a song from our first album, 'Hey Operator', on his 'Subject' LP."

ANDY: "Aldo's a great guy, but he's so tiny. It's like being with your little brother – you go for a hamburger and he gets given the junior menu. Actually, he looks a lot like Steve and people would get real confused between them if he wasn't a midget."

SORRY AL, my old son, but you've just been mercilessly wound up. These things do happen, though – you know what rock bands are like. Boys will be boys, especially the Curran/Shelski axis of Coney Hatch!

Having spent most of 1984 thinking about maybe doing another album rather than actually flogging themselves half senseless on the Canadian club circuit, which has honed some bands to perfection but caught a whole lot more in its trap (it pays good money, better than concert supports, but leads nowhere), the boys' minds, naturally enough, focussed on more earthy affairs.

ANDY: "We're starting something called the Stripper Liggers Club, with Steve and myself as co-presidents. We'll be doing T-shirts and maps with all the strip clubs in Toronto marked on them.

"When we were sitting around doing nothing we needed a bit of entertainment, so to speak, so we started going to all these trendy clubs, but we were doing terribly for girls. Anyway, Steve reckoned we'd score dead easy at the strip clubs, because all the clubs we'd ever played in tended to have strippers too, so all the girls knew us."

STEVE: "Anyway, after about a month we'd hit every strip club in Toronto and turned into regular customers – the doormen knew our names, they'd save tables for us, the whole routine. And that's what the Stripper Liggers is all about.

"We've definitely had too much time off, we need to get out and play. Mind you, if it doesn't work out, we know all the girls, so we could start our own strip club, I suppose."

OH YES, back to reality – records and the road, in fact. Despite the release of the album and *Phonogram's* evident commitment to the band, future UK gig plans remain uncertain. After two previous disappointments (the Dio tour that went to Mama's Boys and the Whitesnake tour that went to Great White) the band aren't counting on anything.

"When we finally get over," Steve jokes, "the kids won't believe it and they won't turn up!"

Tentative discussions currently revolve around supporting labelmates Rush in September, but plans made that far ahead are definitely prone to change, and moreover a Sepember tour to promote a March album does seem a trifle silly. Anyway, a tour with Rush should be the last thing Coney Hatch either need or want. Max Webster lived under the shadow of Rush and look what happened to them, in dire contrast with what *should* have happened to them.

STEVE: "All we know right now is that we're starting a Canadian tour in Halifax. It's a great place, last time we were there we got booted out of the hotel for raging parties and naked girls in the corridors. Oh, what a terrible time we had . . ."

Hmmm, sounds like Halifax is more fun than I thought – or is it just the unseemly influence of the Hatch boys?

With all the muscular finery of 'Friction' currently in full bloom it's going to be a real shame if the album's allowed to shrivel and die without an attack of the Stripper Liggers, and that's the only way we here in Britain are going to find out whether 'Halifax' or 'Hatch' means party time.

My money is *not* on Halifax, and I'm expecting mucho ammunition for *View From The Bar* . . .

HEAT TO THE BEAT

With URIAH HEEP's first album for *Portrait*, 'Equator', on release, revitalised guitarist MICK BOX (pictured below) gets hot under the collar in the presence of MALCOLM DOME

MUNDANITY IS the last refuge of normality. It flows, seeps and gouges across the eliptical curve of social benedictions. There is little escape as mudanity forces itself on to public platforms, packed tube trains and carefully parked panaceas. There is little escape . . . save for one route. It's the route of *weirdness*.

I am weird. I am off-the-beam. I am unusual. I am a snakeskin shroud stretched taut across a corpse of granite. I am a love bite on the neck of liquid catatonia. I am eyes without sight, ears without oscillation, nasal passages without smell and a tongue without taste. I lie parched in my coffin during the twilight trill, carelessly tossing burning sweat beads into a powderkeg of ideas.

I see myself transposed into the clam-shut confines of carbonated tombs, dancing to the tunes of the children in the dark twiglets. It is the sound of silence, broken only by the dawn of a boom machine pounding out a vague echo of days suckling up to steel-tipped mammaries. I am a visionary combing the web rings of 'Roll Away The Rock'/'Straight Through The Heart'. Power lines, wooden stakes for teeth, demon wizards for eyes, chiffon skin, blood lust cheeks . . . what a video from never-never land!

MICK BOX ponders such outpourings, considers each side of the obtuse angle, and then speaks.

"Not many Benny! Hey, I suppose those songs from 'Head First' *were* connected *via* that heartbeat percussive ending to 'Roll Away The Rock' and the beginning to 'Straight Through The Heart'. And, well, a vampire-inspired video might have been quite interesting . . . but I don't think Ozzy was available at the time! Ha, ha, ha . . ."

Ah well, you all know what Michael the deflating Metal Box is like, don'tcha? No? Well, sit back on your talons and I'll fill you in.

Firstly, let's set the scene. It's a small, well-shadowed room on the outer limits of seedy Soho. Uriah Heep bassist Trevor Bolder is slumped on a low-slung chair, at once both alert and relaxed, whilst the Doctor sits bolt-snapped-tight upright, arched back set square against the wall.

Guitarist and Heep guiding lantern Mick Box is bubbling, but then that's nothing unusual for the ol' fella. Some people are like languid streams, others like ebbing currents . . . Box is a crazed geyser, spurting oil-slaked *bonhomie* and good cheer with an incendiary action. This is one of the rock world's most tenacious creatures, yet he hides his musical prowess and fearsome determination behind a highly jovial personality.

You're never bored in the barrage balloon company of Box, his stories are legion . . .

"Yeah, last year we toured in dozens of countries; we worked our butts off. One place we played in was a town at the Arctic circle, where 5,000 fans turned up – and the entire place had a population of just 20,000! We stayed at a hotel where the receptionist came from Wakefield. Obviously she'd come out here as an 18-year-old in the hope that one day Uriah Heep would turn up. Now she's 64, we've fulfilled her life's ambition. I reckon a postcard went back to Wakefield recently saying something like, 'They finally made it'."

But let's stop the motion and slip into a more sedentary freeze frame. Uriah Heep have often been pilloried. In fact they might have been around for a decade-and-a-half, sold millions of records across the globe and played sell-out tours in more countries than even Ross Halfin has ever heard of, but they've never really been hip.

"Nah, we have never been popular with the press," agrees Box. "I guess our sort of music is difficult to categorise, which hasn't done us any favours with the media. I also feel that we arrived at the *end* of an era. Zeppelin, Purple and Sabbath had established themselves and the feeling in the music biz was moving away from our style of rock. Consequently, there was little interest in a new band with our type of sound. And our initial burst of publicity also alienated the press who thought, unfairly, that we were being hyped."

OF COURSE, Heep just rolled right along, ignoring all attempts to block the blood flow. Their veins bulged with all the right tick-tock symbolism. Major albums like 'Return To Fantasy', 'Demons & Wizards' and 'Wonderworld' came and went inspiring several spins of the golden financial carousel. And if there were numerous line-up changes, then the chuck wagon still kept on moving with astonishing freedom.

Even a fallow period *circa* 'Fallen Angel' did little to discourage those of us with a penchant for the band's famed stepped harmonies (where do you think Queen got their operatic ideas? On the back of a cornflakes packet?!), glorious orchestral epaulets and devastatingly compulsive propulsion.

The release of 'Abominog' (1982) and 'Head First' (1983) certainly proved that Heep were far from suffering an attack of arterial sclerosis. They had much to offer the harsh, modern world.

And then . . . nothing, sweet blankety-blank for months on end. Reports came in of the band leaving *Bronze Records* (a company that grew around this act) and recording with producer Tony Platt, but nothing definite was clocked up on the mountainside. Until . . . well, it all came with a rush. The annoucement of a fresh label deal with *Portrait*, the UK tour, the album 'Equator' . . . what did it all mean? Mick Box takes it step-by-step, beginning with *Bronze*.

"We weren't very happy with *Bronze* when 'Head First' failed. I think our dissatisfaction began with the American end of the operation. At first, things looked great; we toured with Def Leppard and the reaction at *Polygram* (to whom Heep were licensed in the US by *Bronze*) was amazing. But then something went badly wrong. *Warner Brothers* bought out *Polygram* and people began to fear for their jobs; no-one was prepared to take chances and stick their necks out. Everyone pulled in their horns and worked only on those acts who were guaranteed to succeed, so therefore they'd all look marvellously efficient to the new parent company. We suffered under this regime."

"When that Leppard tour finished, the band sat down and thought about the whole position," adds Bolder. "We knew that there was more than enough enthusiasm in the line-up to carry on more successfully than ever, but we had doubts about those people working on our behalf. So, we got rid of everyone, with the exception of Neil Warnock at *The Agency*, whose been our booking agent for years."

WARNOCK TOOK on the task of handling the band's affairs on a temporary basis. In the meantime, whilst Heep disappeared from view on the fleetline of rock 'n' roll they carried on like the wayward sons they've always been, slogging out their guts playing gigs in no less than 17 countries. But Warnock was too busy to look after Heep's manifold interests and introduced them to Harry Maloney, manager of Pallas and also responsible for the welfare of a number of well-known cricketers.

"Harry seemed down-to-earth, honest and full of enthusiasm for us," explains Box. Yet despite such strange demarcations on Maloney's character, the band signed an agreement with him and negotiated their way out of the *Bronze* contract.

"We'd been with *Bronze* for our entire career and leaving them wasn't an easy thing to do, but they were getting smaller and the company made an unrepeatable suggestion to us about our future direction, so we had to get out. Gerry Bron (the man behind the organisation and also producer of the early UH LPs) wasn't at all happy, but it was best."

From thereon, things just mushroomed for the boys in the field (the line-up still features Lee Kerslake on drums, Pete Goalby on lead vocals and John Sinclair on keyboards). They signed to the prestigious *Zomba Group* for publishing and became involved with Tony Platt, engineer *extraordinaire*.

"He's managed by *Zomba* and they put his name forward to produce an album for us," says Box. "We recorded half of it with our own finances and then Harry went out to get us a deal. *CBS* in America went crazy for the tape and wanted to sign us immediately. But they felt it would be better if we could get signed up by the British company because that way there would be some sort of guarantee that Heep might get a real push in the UK. It seems that the British end of *CBS* will only push acts they themselves have got under contract (yeah, ask REO Speedwagon about that one!). So, we took the tape to the newly-opened *Portrait* offices over here, they loved it and agreed a deal."

SO SWEET, so simple, so smooth. The album was thus finished (recording taking place at *Battery/Jacobs/Genetic* studios in London) and duly delivered for release on March 25.

And . . . and . . . and . . . have they done it? Have Heep breathed fire back into the cynics' faces? Yeah! 'Equator' is a hit. I LOVE IT!!

Pic George Bodnar

MAMA

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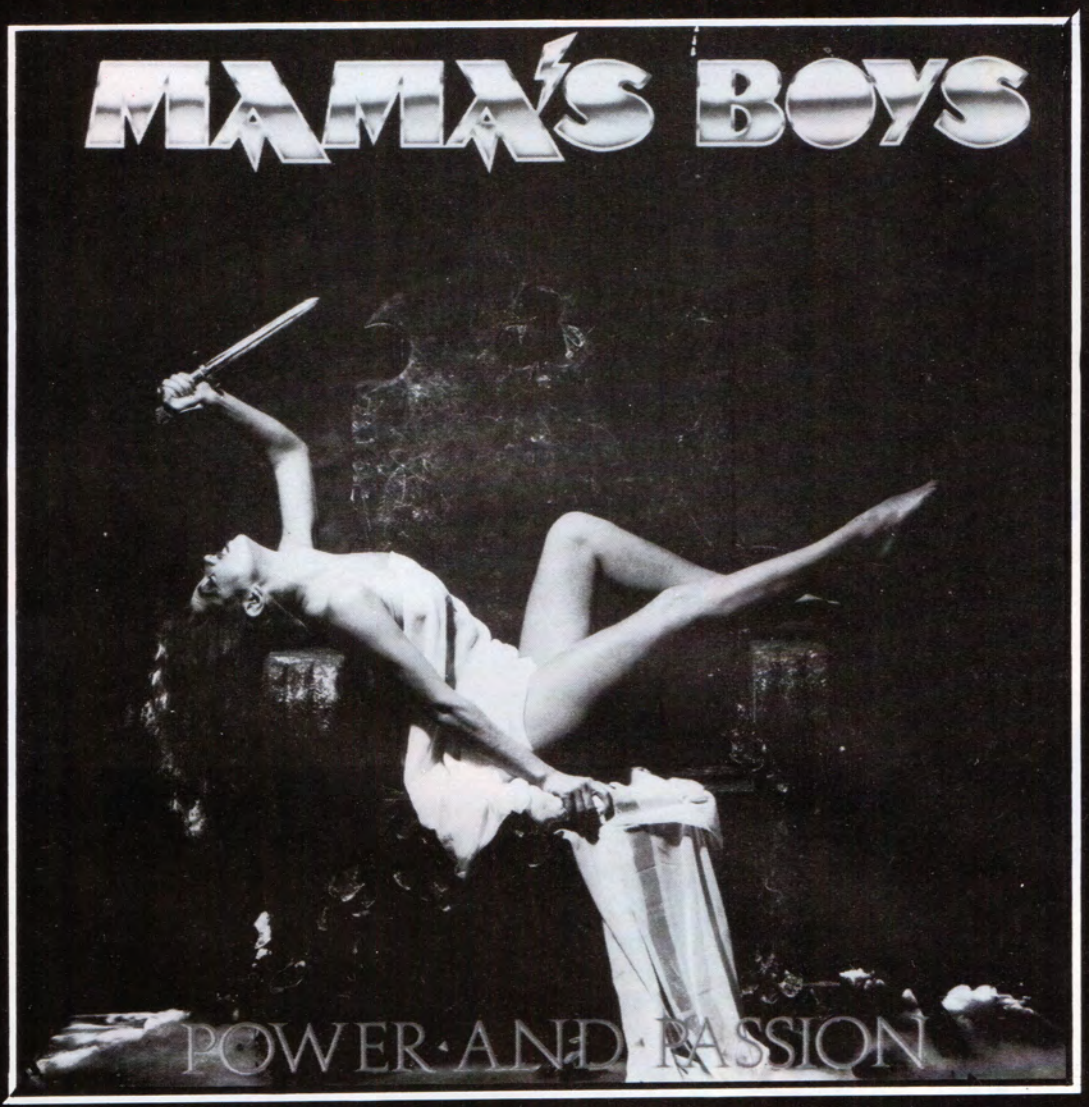

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Be quick!

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THE TOUR

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17th	St. Albans City Hall
19th	Newcastle Mayfair
20th	Wishaw Heathery
21st	Glasgow Mayfair
22nd	Stirling Albert Hall
23rd	Blackburn King George's Hall
24th	Huddersfield Poly
25th	Whitehaven White House
26th	Hanley Victoria Halls
27th	Cross Keys Institute
28th	London Dominion
29th	Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall
30th	Brixton Granary
May 2nd	Birmingham Odeon
4th	Surrey University, Guildford

JIVE

BATTLING BAND

TOBRUK present arms to DEREK OLIVER

THIS IS ridiculous! Climbing the steps of *EMI*'s Manchester Square headquarters, I'm having to fight off hordes of lecherous young *femmes*, all apparently eager to secure hairs from my chest and cotton samples from my Helix tour jacket. Luckily for me (who am I trying to kid?) a burly security guard manages to pluck me from the seething mass and stuff me through the TV-scanned front doors . . .

"Don't you know who's here today, lad?" says the guard. "Duran Duran are upstairs. That's who those girls're waiting for."

Kerrang! readers will be relieved to hear that, no, I haven't arrived here to interview Le Bon and company. Rather, I've come to talk to Tobruk; to discover a few home truths about the band, hear tales of their signing to the *EMI Parlophone* label and their upcoming debut LP, 'Wild On The Run'.

First, a little history. Tobruk (as they are now) sprang out of two Bedford bands called Stranger and . . . Tobruk! Stranger featured guitarist Nigel Evans, keyboard man Jem Davis and artfully erudite vocalist Snake. The original Tobruk line-up, meanwhile, featured guitarist Mick Newman and drummer Eddie Fincher. Neither band appeared to be making any headway, so, according to Nigel, it was inevitable that the two would eventually fuse: "We just drifted together and decided to keep Tobruk as the name because it sounded more mature than Stranger."

That initial integration occurred in early '81 and a period of hard roadwork followed. Eventually the new Tobruk attracted the interest of a management company based in Birmingham.

Says Snake: "After we got the management deal we decided to move up to Brum and base ourselves there permanently. Instead of gigging like maniacs we spent six months rehearsing, signed a one-off single deal with *Neat Records* (which saw the release of an embryonic version of 'Wild On The Run', the title cut from their new LP) and managed to get ourselves on the UK leg of the Diamond Head 'Canterbury' tour."

Pic Peter Cronin

TOBRUK (clockwise from bottom left): Mike Brown, Mick Newman, Jem Davis, Nigel Evans, Eddie Fincher, Snake & Teddy

BY THIS stage Tobruk had recruited their current bassist Mike Brown and defined their musical style. As the fluency and power of their material increased, so did the interest from major labels. Yet the deal with *EMI* wasn't secured in quite the normal manner. Snake explains . . .

"We won our deal in quite an unorthodox fashion. Firstly, we decided to record a high class demo, so we went into UB40's studio (the Abattoir) and cut six really good quality tracks. Then we hired the Birmingham Odeon and shot a video to accompany the demo. Our management started shopping for a deal and, after a live showcase at the Greyhound in London, we signed with *EMI.*"

"Actually, we're on *EMI*'s *Parlophone* subsidiary," chirps Jem. "They wanted a good rock band to balance the pop dominance of the label. It's going to work in our favour as we won't have another rock outfit competing for space."

The album 'Wild On The Run' was recorded in Philadelphia with producer Lance Quinn (most recently back-slapped for his work with Bon Jovi and Lita Ford). It's chock full of North American sounding melodic rock, continuing the trend set into motion last year by the likes of Airrace, Lionheart and Terraplane. Do Tobruk believe that their future lies Stateside?

Snake, ahead of the pack, snaps to defend their British commitment: "Look, our main aim is to establish ourselves in the UK first. Since we recorded the LP we've been playing every club 'n' pub in the country, trying to build a following. Some of the groups you just mentioned who've recently got deals like us have sat on their arses waiting for someone to wave a magic wand and bring them mega success. Honestly, that's all crap, the only way you can become a successful hard rock band is to gain the respect of the fans – and the way to do that is to play to them."

"There's always the possibility that you can over-expose yourself in the UK, however," adds Jem. "In America you can tour all year round without coming back to the same town. Personally, I don't think there are enough people into Heavy Metal in the UK to support a band like us, but I'd like to be proven wrong!"

RECENTLY THE boys have guested on a couple of major British tours, opening for Manowar and more recently the revived UFO. I caught the band on both these outings and noted how confident they appeared on large stages. Unlike the majority of young acts, Tobruk's jump from matchbox-size clubs to Odeon-style venues has been achieved smoothly and easily.

"We actually felt a lot better on the larger stages," says Mike Brown. "There's more room to move and it's great being able to practice our guitar interplay, something we can't do on cramped stages . . . after all, there *are* six of us!"

What were relations like with Manowar and UFO?

"Well, Manowar wasn't our cup of tea . . . musically," chirps Mike, "but they were great lads and really genuine in their enthusiasm for our music. I think we had more fun with UFO, though! Those blokes were so nice and they had a great sense of humour . . .

"It's weird, but I can remember sitting at home two or three years ago playing my UFO LPs and thinking what a great band they were . . . and look, there I was touring with a couple of my heroes!

"I hope I never lose that feeling!"

SLADE

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SHOCKWAVE

MALCOLM DOME predicts a glittering, glamorous future for TARAZARA

DRIP ON me, babe, drip on me . . .

"We're not glam in a trash sense. Bands like the Babysitters and Marionette go onstage with torn satin trousers, but we aim to present ourselves in a classy manner . . ." – Danielz, lead vocalist with Tarazara.

. . . Smear me, honey, smear me . . .

"We chose the name 'Tarazara', which is a unification of two girls' names, Tara and Zara, because it means absolutely nothing. We hope to appeal to a very wide cross-section of music fans, from five-year-olds to 35-year-olds . . ." – Danielz.

. . . Flay my flesh, Fiona, flay it . . .

"We dress outrageously but not stupidly. Make-up should be used to enhance your features and not to make you look like a clown . . ." – Danielz.

. . . Huh? What? Where am I??? *Why* am I???? Oh yeah, I remember now, it's all becoming a little clearer. I sat down to extol the virtues of the best young British hard rock act I've beachcombed out of the dunes in positively years and just drifted into a passing parade of feverish pennywhistle images. But I'm back with the script now, so . . . let the chimes ring all over this ashen and smouldering blanket of green.

THIS, LET me tell you, is the year when rock 'n' roll re-discovers its soul, grips hard on the rails and blows smoke-lined polka dots across the milkwood charts. It has already happened, courtesy of Foreigner, Bryan Adams, Don Henley, ZZ Top and Ii'l Patsy Benatar. What we now require (urgently) is for British bands to follow this most laudable of pock-marked examples and begin to splice the splinter-work button and cause panic in Detroit, pandemonium in Chicago, riots in Manchester, revolution in Chesterfield, uproar in Bangkok and chaos in Tokyo. What we need is someone who isn't afraid to burn the toast, scrape off the cinders and take a big bite out of the unfairly distributed loaf.

But all we've got so far are weak-link *locumtenens*, standing their ground and foreshadowing the real clergy of melodic hard rock as they sink steadily into a barrel of laughs and obese infertility. Airrace, Tobruk, FM, Terrible Pain . . . ye gods, what have we done to deserve such desperate tedium? Is there anybody out there who can possibly challenge for the heights without getting touches of vertigo . . .?

Pic Ray Palmer

DANIELZ, TARAZARA vocalist: 'a new star is born'

Ah, now here is where I take the stand, place my claws on the bromide Bible and spit the first blood spot in the cause of Tarazara, a London-based quintet who are precisely what you all will want to check into without delay.

Featuring Danielz (lead vocals), Jeff (guitar), Mike (bass), Andy (keyboards) and Simon (drums), this is the first post-Leppard UK band to have come within sniffing distance of understanding what makes the likes of Journey, Foreigner, REO (and yes, Bryan Adams *et* bloody *al*) both successful and much mimicked. Tarazara not only have great songs (stacks of 'em), a strong image (mirror, mirror . . .), an impressive array of musical depth (we're talking submarines, here) . . . they also have character. It stands out onstage like a thoroughbred, carefully-studded Arabian racehorse at a convention of fancy-dress cart horses. You might hear touches of the Sweet, T. Rex, Slade, Mud, Suzi Q, Bowie, Zeppelin or Mick Jones' Brass Band, but so what? At the end of the evening you're left not with star-crossed references, but a strong memory of a king fish standing apart from the shoal.

"We want to bring back melodies and good songs," lambasts Danielz. "People have forgotten what it's like to hear a set of strong tunes, and we're out to remind them. I guess our style of music is at odds with our supposedly glam looks, but we don't care. In fact, this band revels in being apart from the rest. There is something in this band to appeal to everyone."

TARAZARA BEGAN life barely a year ago, a plan inspired by Simon and Jeff, before being fleshed out first by Andy and then the highly flamboyant Danielz, a man who deals in death-defying leaps of charisma. Dressed in flowing, ruffled shirts, garishly fluorescent green sicko socks and black armadillo-armoured trousers, the fella manages to turn what might seem to some a tousled dandy look into a head-turning exercise in glow-worm trotting – a new star is born.

Moreover, the cavalier Danielz brings a sense of Scaramouche-style and intelligent insight to this band, penning all the lyrics in a most inventive manner . . .

"All of my songs have a story to them, some of which are rather surprising. For instance, there's a number called 'Fantasy' which is all about falling in love with a ghost! If you hear the song without realising the implications then you'd never guess. However, once you understand what lies behind the words then they take on a new meaning."

'Fantasy' is set for imminent singles release on the *Kingdom* label, distributed through *PRT*, with 'Master Of The Deadly Kiss' as the most probable flip. But why stick out product *via* a small company when there are several fox hound majors snapping at their heels? Over to Simon:

"You can easily get lost in the crowd on a big label. The advantage with *Kingdom* is that it's a small operation which can give us personal attention. And they certainly seem geared up to give us a big push. You can do very well with a small record label; after all, *ZTT* did marvels with Frankie Goes To Hollywood, right?"

THE BAND will soon be undertaking a full-scale British tour, set to include some the country's better-class clubs. And whilst I would scream at all of you to buy copies of 'Fantasy' in convoys (when it comes to merging tempting siren-call vocal harmonies with gushing cream-topped tunes and energised Bernhardt dramatics, this, my fair nosebleeders, is up with the best), nonetheless it's onstage that this band truly come into their own. They are alive, alive-ooo, fresh as a new-born quip from the pen of Michael The Wall and definite unholy sparkers. In a world where the medium has become tedium, Tarazara stand close to the edge.

"We play shock rock, hitting the fans for 75 minutes *only* rather than dragging things out for lengthy periods," says Danielz. "Our entire set consists of original material with the exception of the Sweet's 'Hell Raiser', which we do as a fun encore.

"It's amazing how things have taken off for us in such a short time. People now follow us around from gig to gig and there are even two Germans who regularly fly over to see us. They're actually keen to get our tour dates for the next couple of months so they can arrange their holidays around our schedule! We've already played three shows at the Marquee, one supporting the New Sweet, another with Eddie & The Hot Rods and a third headlining, not to mention Dingwalls. So things are going ahead extremely well at the moment."

The future for Tarazara is assured, they are going to be massive in areas even Hawkwind's exotic Stacia never dreamt about. The question is: will you wake up to their unstoppable march to the top or will you choose to ignore the coming legend?

DUTCH COURAGE

DANTE BONUTTO tracks down JOE ELLIOTT in Holland and finds that, despite drummer Rick Allen's car accident, DEF LEPPARD'S rock 'n' roll heart is beating stronger than ever before

THEY'RE ALL concerned and they all want answers. Mötley Crüe drummer Tommy Lee, 'hauling ass' down Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, in a sparkling silver *Corvette*, certainly does. So does Blackfoot mainspring Ricky Medlocke, a recent unexpected apparition within the *Marquee*'s glistening vaults. So does just about everyone I've met in the course of recent field-trips. They're all wearing that 'there but for the grace of God' look and they all want to know. So do I . . .

"Every time you speak to Rick on the phone you come away with a big grin on your face because he's in such good spirits. He's handling it better than I thought he would. He's matured 10 years overnight. He's totally

KONTINUES OVER

Pic Ross Halfin

LEPPARD

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

accepted the fact that he's only got one arm and he's being very realistic about coming back into Def Leppard. He's mad to go for it, though, and we're mad to let him try . . ."

That drummer Rick Allen *will* try, however, isn't in doubt. He's adamant about it and Leppard vocalist Joe Elliott is equally adamant that the band will give him their unrestrained support. As they've said all along, the decision is totally *his* . . .

"We aren't trying to show off or get sympathy," spells out Joe, "it's just the way we are. Def Leppard is simply five lads – we could have been a football team, we could have been international bank robbers. Rick's a mate, and just because he's had an accident doesn't mean he can't still be in the band. If he *physically* can't do it then obviously there's going to be problems, but with the technology available today I don't see why he can't play snare drum with his left foot, say. And if he can do that, and maybe have tom tom fills already recorded on a trigger, then the kit would look exactly the same.

"Bill Ludwig, who builds Rick's kits, actually got in touch with him as soon as it happened, and it seems that there's a lot of one-arm drummers – guys who came back from Vietnam, y'know. The thing is, they tend to play Holiday Inns and places that like that; it's a different approach to drumming.

"Rick has a very John Bonhamish style – I mean, the guy doesn't need monitors, he's ridiculously loud! – and he'd never be able to do with one hand what he did with two for an hour and three quarters. It would kill him! So he's gonna need the technology. It's just down to whether he can accept the fact that there are gonna be people in the crowd trying to peer through the cymbals to see a plastic arm. He'll have to wear a shirt now, whereas before he'd always go bare-topped . . ."

THE DETAILS of the car crash that removed 21-year-old Rick (temporarily at least) from the Leppard ranks have been pretty well documented, grabbing column inches in the 'Nationals' and beyond. The bare facts seem plain enough: at 12.50pm on New Year's Eve, while driving his *Corvette* along the A57 from Sheffield to his parents' home in Dronfield (Derbyshire), Rick was involved in an incident which sent his car spinning out of control, turning over several times, injuring his female passenger and removing his left arm in the process. He remembers what happened vividly, and really can count himself fortunate to be alive. When the debris from the accident was examined it was found that the top half of the steering wheel had been bent back, Rick's particular power clearly preventing the steering column and dashboard from crushing against his chest.

But *why* did it happen?

Picking through the events with Elliott it soon becomes obvious that the *whole* story is a little more complex that yer typical life-in-the-fast-lane pile-up. Think about it . . .

When you're young and successful, with a streamlined US car and a female companion to match, it can sometimes sting the nasal membrane of the folks you've abandoned to a dole queue existence in your humdrum hometown rut. People have been known to glow green with jealousy, and on New Year's Eve people have been known to take a drink. Sometimes even a life . . .

"Yeah," says Joe quietly, "There *was* another car involved in the accident."

Mucking Rick around, you mean?

"That's right. But the people have denied it and there's nothing we can do. The coppers have interviewed them but it's no good . . . I'd love to go round and kill 'em!"

Joe takes a moment to collect his thoughts, then continues . . .

"The arm was placed in a bucket of ice gathered from all the houses nearby and Rick was in hospital (the Royal Hallamshire) within 19 minutes, which is unbelievable. He underwent an 11-hour operation; his arm was back on by ten to one the following morning, but infection set in and after three days they had to take it off.

"His nerves are still alive, though. They've got them wrapped up like spaghetti, and it's possible to have them connected up in a way that can give movement to a prosthetic arm. So the Steve Austin 'Six Million Dollar Man' thing is not beyond the realms of possibility one day. Rick still feels his arm because of the nerves."

When did you hear what had happened?

"I heard at about ten to four the same afternoon and I couldn't believe it. I cried like a baby for about three hours – my face was hurting. Peter (Mensch, manager) rang and said, 'Rick's had an accident, his arm's off, but they've sown it back on'. I've heard of that working before but unfortunately it was *torn* off, not *cut* off, so everything snapped and stretched in different places, which made it more difficult."

How soon after the accident did you visit Rick in hospital?

"I saw him two days after it happened . . . it was the worst experience I've *ever* had . . . but he was walking a week earlier than expected and telling the nurses to f**k off after three days because he was fed up having his bandages changed. He sounds in fine form now and wants to get back; drumming's all he's ever done, and he's done it *very well*.

"It's just up to him if he can stand the strain. I mean, he's going to go through some crap. He's not had it yet, but he's gonna suffer from depression; *bad* depression. He's being very realistic about it, though. He said to me, 'When it comes, it comes'. He wants to come out here to Holland but he knows he can't."

Presumably he won't be ready to play a part on the forthcoming tour?

"No, and he knows that. Somebody will guest with us until we know the result of Rick's convalescence."

Would you consider using two drummers on any subsequent tours?

"Possibly, yeah, and Rick could do specific bits. We've definitely thought about that, but he's got a lot to learn first. I mean, there's certain things that are now a fact of life. If Rick wants to wear baseball boots, for example, he's gonna have to wear *Velcro* ones. And he's probably gonna need press-stud trousers. He's got to learn to bath himself even . . .

"The thing is, at the moment his right arm doesn't work. The ball is smashed so they've had to pin it. He's got a six inch pin as big as a poker in there. Imagine if your elbow was sown to your hip; well that's all the movement he's got. I guess he's a bit of a mess, though *mentally* he's the best he's ever been."

What would happen if Rick returned to the band yet clearly wasn't cutting it? Would you have to tell him?

"No, because he'd know himself. He's said that to me on the phone. He's being realistic – if he can't do it he can't, but he's definitely gonna try. There'll come a time when Rick will say, 'I'm ready', and we'll get together in a rehearsal room for a month and see what he does. He'll either turn round and go 'Yes!' and we'll go 'Yes!', or else he'll say 'Sorry, I'm not coping with it'.

"The important thing is that he tries, otherwise he'll never know, and that would be awful. I know he'd rather fail than not try at all. Besides, it's no big secret that we use drum machines on the records so, whatever happens, he could still be involved on that side. We would just take a session drummer out on the road.

"At the moment, we're trying not to get too depressed about the whole situation, but we were mega-depressed at first. I was in a real state, like a zombie for five hours, and for quite a time after I just didn't want to get into a car. I know it's daft, but it's true . . ."

A BONHAM of the biscuit tins, a Titan of the tupperware, since the age of 11 Rick Allen has thought of little outside of drums and drumming. At the moment he's at home, probably watching Cheech & Chong videos on the new system bought for him by *Phonogram Records*. But chances are that his thoughts are elsewhere, no doubt wafting with the music around the booths and corridors of *Wisseloord Studios* near Amsterdam, Holland, where Leppard are recording their fourth, as yet untitled, LP. As always, he's with his colleagues 110 per cent (for now it can be in spirit only), a continued commitment that should spur him on through the tough weeks and numerous hospital visits ahead.

Prior to the accident, he'd laid the groundwork for eight backing tracks, and the remaining two songs on the album were always destined to feature a less human touch, the band specifically wanting a more clinical punch, so there's no problem on that front. As for his work on backing vocals, well, Elliott can easily deputise in that department, leaving Rick free to concentrate on the speediest recovery possible and, as Elliott puts it, "Learn to live again. He's having all these drums built and a special car designed, all sorts of stuff . . ."

All things considered, '84 certainly wasn't an easy year for Def Leppard, a rude awakening for an almost unbroken streak of good fortune. First longstanding associate 'Mutt' Lange proved unable to produce the new LP, likewise his replacement Jim Steinman (though for different reasons – read on!), and then came The Accident, which instantly eclipsed all previous hassles, reducing apparent mountains of doom and dismay to easily skirted molehills. But, if anything, adversity has caused the four active members of the Leppard clan to virtually graft respective beaks to the grindstone in a collective consummate effort to make their next album their best.

The band's first LP, 'On Through The Night', produced by (Colonel) Tom Allom, took a mere 18 days to record and remains something of an embarrassment in Elliott's eyes (someday he'd like to remix it and 'touch up' a few of the vocal parts), while the second, 'High 'N' Dry', with Lange now at the helm, was laid down in three and a half months, including a month's pre-production, bang, bang, bang, 'Mutt' clearly wanting to capture the excitement generated by these 21-year-old 'let's go for its'. But

KONTINUES PAGE 32

RICK ALLEN offstage: "Just because he's had an accident doesn't mean he can't still be in the band"

Pic Ross Halfin

RICK ALLEN onstage: "He'll never be able to do with one hand what he did with two for one-and-three-quarter hours. It would kill him! So he's gonna need the technology"

Pic Robert Ellis

LEPPARD

FROM PAGE 30

'Pyromania' . . . now that was a *different* story, with band and producer (Lange again) making a conscious decision at the outset to pin back the ears of a generation with something of genuine lasting quality; an attempt to update the glories of Queen's 'Sheer Heart Attack' and 'Night At The Opera' LPs . . .

They went for it in a big way and 10 months later came up trumps, creating a slice of history that many have doubted they'll be able to top; an album that left the whole of the music industry wide-eyed and open-mouthed, and caused bands both big and small to almost instantly re-assess their directions and aims. A (hard) labour of love still selling around a thousand a week, it broke taboos and set fresh standards right down the line . . .

"Hopefully, it'll be an Heavy Metal 'Sergeant Pepper. . .'," says Elliott, "who knows, but we've got to do more. It'd be tragic if our best album was our third and we end up doing 17 LPs."

Whatever the next album sounds like, however, Joe's convinced that it's gonna be slated by the press. He's resigned himself to the fact (not having heard the record beyond a few notes ricocheting out of the studio doors, I really can't comment), but, along with bassist Rick Savage and guitarists Steve Clark/Phil Collen, he's ploughing on regardless, helping to create something different to 'Pyromania' in content yet as good, if not better, overall.

"Since 'Pyromania' we're two years on technically," he explains. "The Fairlights are better, the keyboards are better and the microphones are better. And *we're* two years more experienced, of course. Actually, we keep putting on 'Pyromania' and listening to it back-to-back with what we've done; you have to imagine it without the mix, but it's definitely up there to my ears . . ."

JOE ELLIOTT leans forward in the chair, tucks a fold of his rather battered dressing gown tight against private parts and pours himself another glass of one cal Coke. This for the moment is home, and has been since the middle of August: a simple hotel room in Holland ten minutes drive from the studio complex. Originally, the band were due to play the 'Mick Wall Festival' in Rio, but they eventually decided against it on grounds of not wanting to interrupt recording. So while certain jammy so-and-so's were sunning themselves on the Copacabana sands (maaaan!!), Elliott and co, tax exiles all, were trudging across frozen lakes, wrapped up tight against temperatures of 25° below! Still, there's always next year . . .

And if nothing else, in their present position the four are conveniently cut off from all domestic distractions. Through the hotel room window I can see Dirk, Elliott's treasured *Renault 12* (and centrespread star of *Kerrang!* 79), basking quietly in the hazy sunlight, the central motif on an idyllic pastel canvas shaded only by the distant foghorn fuming of an adrenalised Peter Mensch. Somewhere, behind closed doors, he's informing an unfortunate Halfin that a five-piece outfit close to the latter's wallet have been 'stiffing' horribly in the South, and he doesn't mean Torquay! Let's just say he's on form . . .

Later, on the flight back to London, having persuaded Mensch to fund my purchase of a duty free *Sony Walkman* in tasteful pink, I tentatively suggest that the forthcoming Leppard biography should be titled 'Me & My Whine' . . .

"OH, YEAH, DAAAN-TAY!!" he snaps, blood vessels popping like balloons, "AND HOW LONG DID IT TAKE YOU TO THINK THAT ONE UP???"

Back to business . . .

"We've always upheld the theory," theorises Joe as things quieten down, "that we don't want to put out a record every nine months. We'd much rather put out a record every two to three years that's of real good quality . . .

"When we started this album 'Mutt' was involved; we did pre-production with him in Dublin, Ireland, which is why we've put him down again on the songwriting credits. It's an honesty thing with us. He doesn't write anything *as such*; the six of us just sit round a table with a piece of paper in front of us and guitars turned down really low, then whoever chucks in an idea – be it Rick or 'Sav' or me or 'Mutt' – we play with it.

"Steve, for example, will come up with an idea and 'Mutt' will say, 'Change that round', 'Use this', 'Do it in another key', or whatever. It just creases me up to think that there are some people out there who look at us and say, 'Ha! They can't write their own songs', which isn't true at all. And even if it was, I'd much rather be involved with an album that sold six million copies co-written with a producer than one that sold 200,000 copies that wasn't."

Surely helping with the arrangements and so on is part of a producer's job, though . . .

"Yeah, right, but it's almost as if it's some kind of crime to let your producer be involved. That's what a producer's there for – to kick you up the arse and bring out the best that you can do. We encourage 'Mutt' to be involved and we repay him by sticking his name on the songwriting credits. Who cares! It's only a bloody song anyway . . ."

Isn't it true, though, that a lot of producers are really just glorified engineers and can't make the extra step up to that level of involvement?

"Yes, that *is* true, but 'Mutt's an exception anway because the guy's a musician, he's been an engineer since he left school – he's been doing it for 17 years and he's only in his early thirties now – and he's also a brilliant singer and great songwriter, so you've got everything going for you! Whereas an engineer will be able to tell you if something's out of tune, 'Mutt' can go further than that and say, 'It doesn't feel right' or 'Sing it this way, shape your mouth like this, let's alter the phrasing'.

"With most engineers, if it's in tune and it's what *you* want then it's a take, and that's all their job is, because if it's that way round it's normally the band who are producing, the way we are with this album. I noticed in *Kerrang!* it implied that Nigel Green is now producing – he's not, *we* are. Nigel's *assisting*.

"Actually, he's worked with us on our last two albums, though not as main engineer. Mike Shipley was always our main engineer. Nigel's as good as Mike, it's just that at the time he was involved in other projects; so when Mike took a holiday or went to the dentist Nigel would come in. We've never worked with him on a long term basis before but we do know him."

What happened with 'Mutt' Lange, though? As I understand it, he originally agreed to produce the album as well as help out on pre-production . . .

"Yeah. In fact, he was still going to do it last February. We started with pre-production, as you've mentioned, but it soon became obvious that 'Mutt' was in no state to see the whole thing through. The Cars' album ('Heartbeat City') nearly killed him; our last album nearly killed him, and the Foreigner record ('1V') the same. I think he's just reached the stage now where to attain certain standards you're talking about grafting for a long time.

"The way we worked on 'Pyromania', for example, we were doing 20 hour days and the guy was sleeping on the couch in the control room. You just can't do that forever, so for the sake of his health he made a wise decision not to do our album. At the time, we were panicking; we thought, 'Oh, Christ!', cos things had all been planned. It wasn't a case of us being afraid of what the album would sound like if 'Mutt' wasn't there, it was simply the availability of other producers that we were concerned about. With top people like Ted Templeman, Mike Stone or Trevor Horn, you've got to book 'em years in advance, you can't just get in touch two weeks before you want to start . . .

"Actually, we *did* approach Templeman just to see how much he wanted, and I don't think he was too keen to do it; he put in such a ridiculous money offer that *no* band in the world would have accepted it! But then we really wanted somebody a bit different, anyhow. We were interested in the people I've already mentioned initially because we thought, well, these are the names that we've listened to, Bob Ezrin, y'know. But then we started to think about people like Alex Sadkin, who we found was doing the new Foreigner album ('Agent Provocateur'). Trevor Horn would have worked with us in England, but Chris Thomas (Roxy Music, Procol Harum) turned us down flat – he obviously doesn't like us. We actually tried to get Phil Collins, who was interested but tied up with the latest Clapton LP ('Behind The Sun') . . ."

So you were looking at people outside the world of heavy rock . . .

"Yeah, we were looking at up and coming producers like Terry Manning, who's engineered for ZZ Top, and Steve Lillywhite, who's yet to do a hard rock album but possibly could do a good one. Some of us were interested in him, some of us weren't. I like the fullness of Simple Minds' 'Sparkle In The Rain' LP, it's brill, but sounds are really no problem for us now, we can get good sounds; the thing we always like to have is musical input, and that's where we thought Steinman would come into his own. I mean, the guy's a good songwriter and he's had a hell of a lot of success with what he does."

He worked on the last Billy Squier album, 'Signs Of Life', with Tony Platt, didn't he?

"Yeah, well, he 'navigated' it is what Squier says. We thought, OK, we'll get the sounds and let him do the producing, but it turned out that Jim wasn't really what any of us thought he would be. In fact, I wonder how he's ever got a production credit on anything – especially with Squier, the kind of ego *he's* got. I can't understand why he even let Steinman's name appear on his album cos we're not putting it on ours."

What was the problem with Steinman then?

"Ahh . . . I wouldn't be lying if I said that *you* could have done it as well. I *mean* that. The guy just sat there reading '*Country Life*' all day and going, 'Yeah, yeah, that sounds good', when it plainly wasn't. He's simply not used to recording the way we record. When we said, 'Listen, this is the way we work, you'd better get used to it', he tried

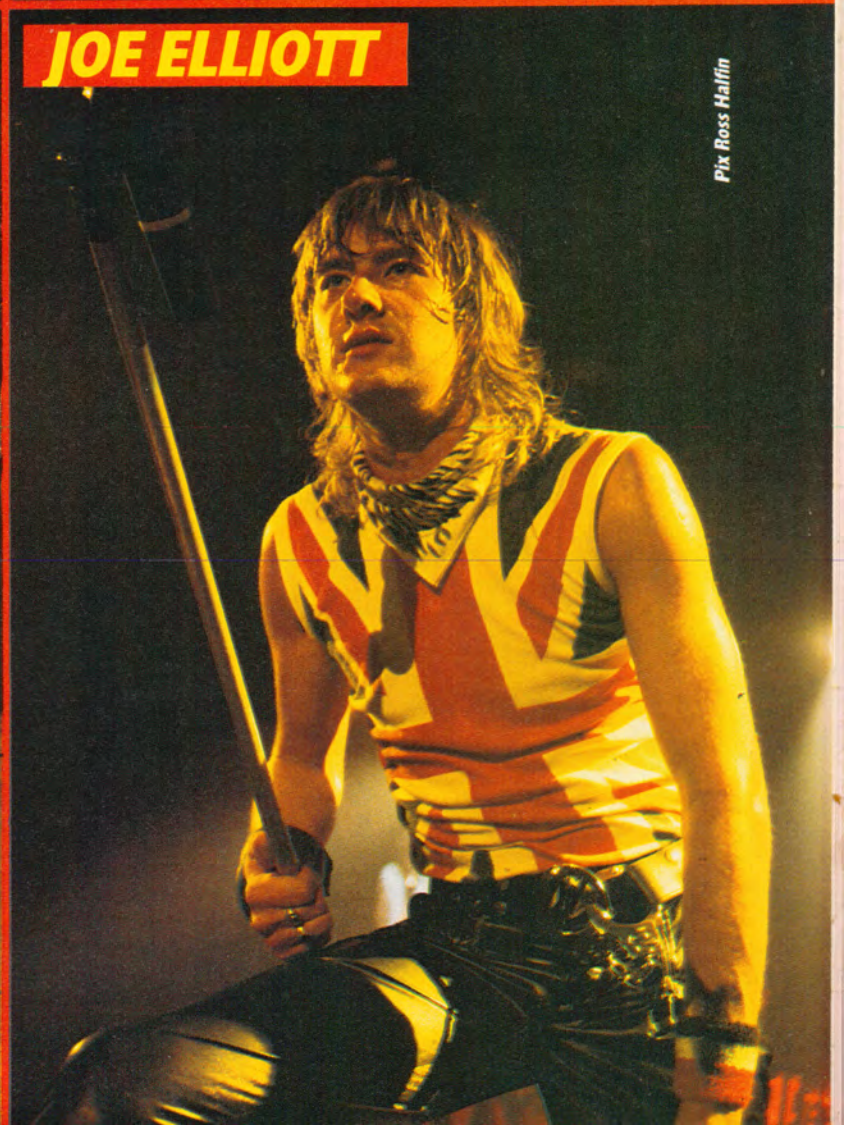
KONTINUES PAGE 34

STEVE CLARK

RICK SAVAGE

PHIL COLLEN

JOE ELLIOTT



Pix Ross Halfin

LEPPARD

FROM PAGE 32

and he couldn't. He just could not hear if something was wrong."

Were your standards too exacting for him, do you think?

"Possibly, yeah. It sounds strange to say that, though, cos to me those standards are normal. Doing 'Pyromania' was like going to college; I've grown up listening to things a certain way. As far as I'm concerned, getting the timing, the tuning and the feel spot on is the *usual* way to work, but Jim Steinman – for all his reputation – could not hear it.

"After a while, we just thought, well, this is silly, we're wasting our time and money . . . and wasting his time, though we weren't too bothered about that cos he wasn't too bothered about the project. I honestly don't think he was doing it for any reason other than credibility in the States.

"We'd say, 'Right, we start at 12', and he'd wander in at 3.30. We'd stay till 12 or one in the morning, then he'd go back to his hotel and start writing songs for his *own* future projects, and he'd be up till nine o'clock doing that. So when he finally got round to us, he'd only had five hours sleep . . . he wasn't there half the time. I mean, he was there in *body* but not in *mind*. We found more and more that we were doing the work, which was fine, we didn't mind doing it, we just thought, why the hell should we be giving this guy so many points and so many dollars to sit there reading '*Country Life*'!"

So how much did you manage to accomplish with Steinman?

"We did about eight backing tracks and scrapped them; almost everything has been done again. And even the things that went down were our decision – Steinman never overruled us on anything. If he said a certain take was good and we said it was bad, we'd do it again."

Who was actually getting the sounds at this stage?

"Us and Neil Dorfsman, Steinman's engineer. He was good, actually, cos he was doing all the work. Jim was the ears of the partnership, but the ears were plugged up, I think . . .

"Y'know, it annoys me intensely when a producer walks into a control room and says, 'This carpet has got to go!' Sod the desk, that's not important. An SSL desk, 150,000 quid's worth of equipment, and the carpet's got to go! He even had the carpet changed in his hotel room. The guy was living in a suite while we were happy in rooms with a fridge and a cooker. Obviously, we paid for it all . . .

"And the food! He went out to the North of Holland and had a 12 course meal! Which is fine, that's his personality, but when somebody walks into a studio and says the carpet has got to go . . . if I'd been there I'd have decked him. Seriously. Who gives a flying s**t what the carpet looks like!"

How long did Steinman last, then?

"Oh, we dumped Jim about November, we gave him a fair chance. We thought, well, alright, we're doing the spadework, what he might consider the boring side of the album, let's see what he's like on vocals, maybe that's his strongpoint. He did tell us that he spent something like five weeks trying to get Meat Loaf to sing one line, so we thought, OK, the guy's definitely got stamina.

"But when it came to doing vocals with me, it was exactly the same situation as with the backing tracks – *everything* was my decision. He'd say, 'Yeah, that's good', and I'd go, 'Jim, it's f**king useless!' I'd run out of breath at the end of a line cos I wasn't quite familiar with what I was singing, and he'd say, 'It's got a bit of feel'. Isn't that pathetic?!

"I mean, Steve and Phil wanted to get rid of him two weeks after he was here. But I just kept saying, 'Give the guy a chance, blah, blah, blah' . . . made meself look a right arsehole. But it was only fair to let him get to the vocal stage of things . . .

"Anyway, when Steinman went we all sat down and asked Mensch to sort out which other producers were available. We put down everybody we thought might be good. Mike Shipley couldn't do it cos he was off co-producing the new Loverboy album, so we just suggested Nigel. We were doing a better job than Steinman, so we thought, well, what's the point getting in another producer? We send 'Mutt' the odd tape now and then and he sends it back saying, 'It sounds brilliant to me', which shows that we *can* do it, so we are . . ."

Has having Phil Collen involved from the start of this album (he became a Leppard member during the recording of 'Pyromania', replacing guitarist Pete Willis) made things different in any way?

"Yeah, it means that the songwriting's changed a little; Phil's input is better than Pete's ever was. Steve will always be the major songwriter, I think, but he's really encouraged Phil a lot. He doesn't just sit down and say, 'I want to write all the songs', stuff like that. In fact, everything that Steve's written, he's written with Phil in the same room . . . Phil's probably involved in eight of the 10 songs on the album."

And what about 'Sav'? He writes too, doesn't he?

"Yeah, but 'Sav's weird; I can't get to grips with him sometimes. More than anyone else in this band he likes your Journeys and your Bryan Adams, occasionally even the odd Duran Duran song, yet he was the one who came up with 'Stagefright' and 'No No No'. And on this new album he's got a number called 'Ring Of Fire' – *not* a cover of the famous Johnny Cash song! – which is an uptempo, thrash, crash, Metal job. He just never writes like the people he listens to . . ."

Will Steve and Phil be sharing the guitar breaks on the new LP?

"Oh yeah, 50/50, right down the middle. Actually, they argue about who's gonna do 'em; not in the sense of, 'I wanna do this', but Phil's telling Steve that *he* should do a certain solo and Steve's saying, 'No *you* do it, it's more up your street'. I remember hearing stories about KK (Downing) and Glenn (Tipton) from Priest not talking to each other for four months at a time, but it's the other way round with Steve and Phil. The only thing they argue about is who's gonna buy the drinks!"

What about you, though? You play a bit of guitar . . .

"Badly!"

. . . have you written anything on the new record?

"Er . . . I did come up with some stuff but I don't think it got used. I wrote little bits on the last album, but my main worry is obviously melodies, lyrics and vocals.

"Sometimes, though, we'll have a vocal line and work the backing around that. We've got this one new song, 'Armageddon It', which is Piltdown, just two chords all the way through; it's based around a tongue-in-cheek vocal thing."

Is it a 'Rock Of Ages' type number?

"I suppose it is a bit, yeah. The vocals come out from all over the place once it gets going. It's just a totally stupid lyric . . . like 'Rock Of Ages', just a piss-take of ourselves, though not mocking the fans in any way.

"And then there's 'Ring Of Fire', which I've already mentioned. It's actually about an Indian meal, the day after, but nobody would ever know that . . . well, they will now!"

When you're writing lyrics, do you ever think about how the song will work live?

"Not really, no. Obviously, a number like 'Rock Till You Drop' *is* a stage song, and the same with 'Stagefright', but I've never *consciously* sat down and thought, well, I'd better come up with two songs about 'Rock This Place To The Ground', or whatever, and one meaningful one about Vietnam, and another about a vigilante in New York. They just turn out that way. You do it in moods. I was probably watching something about Vietnam on TV and 'Die Hard The Hunter' (from the 'Pyromania' LP) came out, and I'd probably been to see 'Deathwish' when I wrote 'Billy's Got A Gun' (also on 'Pyromania'). I can't remember, I just do it.

"I actually wrote 'Photograph' (ditto) while I was sitting on the bog. I was stuck for a chorus and I had a picture of Marilyn Monroe staring me in the face . . . Bob's your uncle!"

When you made the decision to go for something extra with the 'Pyromania' album, were you confident that you could pull it off?

"We were confident, yeah, *very* confident, because 'Mutt' was producing. We just had so much faith in the guy and in return he had total confidence in what we were doing. We didn't see how we could go wrong, though Mensch was tearing his hair out when we were nearly a million pounds in debt and the record company were drumming their fingers waiting. I think we had to sell 1.2 million copies of 'Pyromania' to break even, we were in a real big mess . . .

"I mean, I nearly had a nervous breakdown, I just couldn't handle it. I was going through so much crap towards the end – do it again, do it again . . . I got what a lot of singers get, '*Lastitis*', which comes from the pressure of finishing. We went through a lot of hell on that record . . ."

Including, of course, the slightly wobbly exit of young Mr Willis . . .

"Yeah, but in all honesty I think that did us more good than anything. The thing is, you sometimes take situations for granted and then all of a sudden something like that happens and it's like, wow, it's different, there's only four of us, he's gone, *really* gone. I mean, Phil joined the day after, but then he almost joined back in '81.

"I tried to get him cos we were having trouble with Willis in America. I rang Phil up and said, 'Can you learn 16 songs in two days?' He said, 'I'll try', but that was just totally out of desperation, there's no way he could have done it. However, when Pete started to act in the studio like he did on tour, which was making Keith Moon look like a bloody vicar, it was time for him to go."

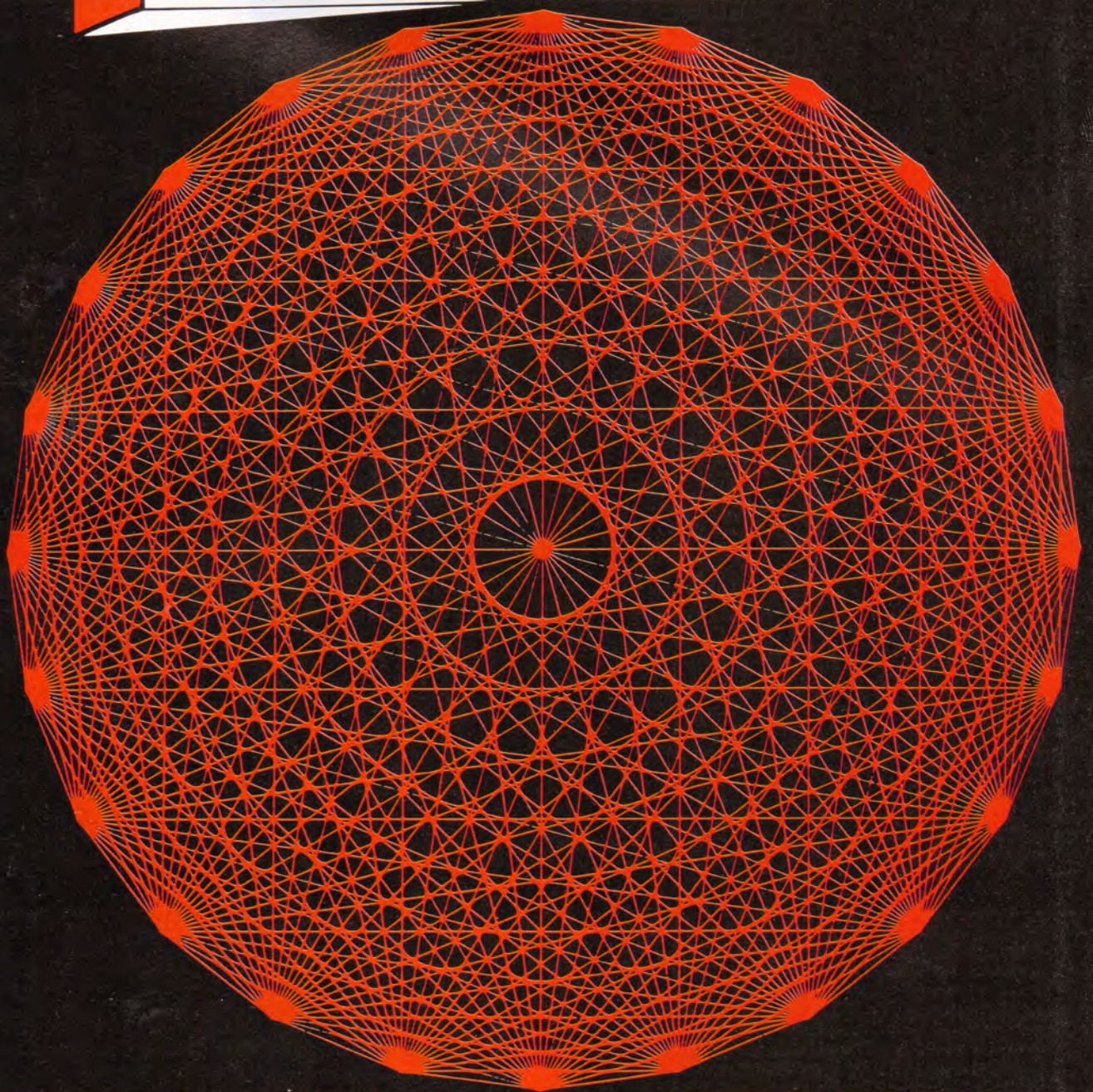
Why doesn't he get some help?

"Well, I think he's beyond help, to tell the truth. He doesn't even realise he needs it, he doesn't accept he's got a problem, though the guy's been in hospital twice as a result of drink and drugs. He had a collapsed liver or something, and epileptic fits, God knows what . . ."

That hasn't happened to the rest of you, though, and you're all the same age, you've all

KONTINUES PAGE 45

URIAH HEEP



ALBUM & CASSETTE

EQUATOR

Produced by TONY PLATT

Portrait

PRT 26414

KILLERWATT

MEAT LOAF guitarist BOB KULICK fingers the WILKES EXPLORER (review opposite): 'assault and battery is well within its capabilities'

Pic Ray Palmer

WILKES EXPLORER GUITAR RRP £499

THERE WAS I, minding my own business, pondering the many ways that tremelo systems can be lubricated (this is the sort of thing that the *Killerwatt* staff ponder over all the time) when, completely out of the blue, this guitar hit me in the eye. Well, not so much an obvious thump, more a subtle poke actually, because the instrument in question was a black/cream/gold Wilkes Explorer, swinging maliciously in the window display of one Allbang & Strummit, Wilkes Guitars' main London dealer.

Absconding with this wicked looking axe, I retired to the reviewer's corner and discovered the following: a really nice neck, with a profile somewhere between a Strat and a Gibson Les Paul, fitted with 22 great big wide frets, a glossy black body in the distinctive Explorer shape, fitted with a pair of Schaller pickups and a distinguished-looking cream binding around the edge – and gold! Gold bridge and tailpiece, gold control knobs, gold machine heads and even gold strap buttons . . .

If nothing else, this is a classy looking guitar, and what is more, it is craftsman made in England. Now I admire craftsmanship anyway, but when you come across a specimen of the guitar builder's art of this calibre, you sit up and take notice.

Wilkes have taken the basic idea of the Explorer shape and have added some rather delighful touches of their own. One, of course, is the colour scheme on the guitar, a tasteful blend of hues that really makes it stand out of the crowd. Another is the fact that they've taken a small section out of the body at the back, making it much more comfortable for playing.

And finally, the sound. Schaller have been working for years towards a specific type of humbucking pickup, and this model, the Golden 50, was designed to give the sound of the 1950s pickups.

Thus, the Wilkes Explorer delivers a warm, rich sound under normal circumstances, which through distortion takes on a noise a lot like Steve Clark or a toned down Tormé.

The eyes start to open, however, just as soon as you start to turn on the heat and push the toggle switch for the bridge pickup. Wham! The guitar isn't all that powerful, in fact, but the tone that the pickups can generate means that the sound can cut though that little bit more than most. It's hard to describe a guitar sound simply on paper, but the Wilkes comes across as an interesting blend of the old SG scream (*à la* Angus Young) and the hard driving sound of Dave Murray.

The neck is slim, as we've said, but a lot of the speed of this guitar is down to the thick coat of polyester finish that it is sprayed with. This is 'slippy' both when your hand is wet *and* when it's dry. The design of the body shape means that all the frets are very easy to reach, and it actually feels like the neck is shorter! Such is the speed, you can go from riffing round the nut to grinding out solos at the other end . . .

And the sustain is very pleasant, with the sort of long, drifting sounds more usually associated with ancient Les Pauls. The neck of the Wilkes Explorer goes right through the body, so, in effect, the pickups are mounted on the same piece of wood that the frets are on! In practice this gives more vibrations through the whole length of the instrument, and so more sustain. This is also helped by the wood used, in this case Honduras Mahogany, a compromise between the very hard and heavy maples and the light, but tonally thin, ash and other pale woods.

On a strap, the Wilkes isn't uncomfortable, even for long playing periods, and the design also means you can *sit* and play – which you can't do with a Flying V! (But it will *not* stand up on the floor on its own, so I'd recommend a good case for a guitar like this, or, better still, a case and a stable guitar stand.)

The price tag on this comely creature might put a few people off, but for a product of this calibre coming from the USA you'd expect to pay a great deal more. The retail for the Gibson Explorer, for instance, is around the £600 mark, if you can find one!

All in all, then, a guitar with a useful range of tones (and a tone control that really works!), a great combination of lead and rhythm sounds and a raunch that left me gritting me teeth. I'm just suprised all it did was poke my eye . . . assault and battery is well within its capabilities . . .

Wilkes Guitars are at Unit 15, Trent Industrial Estate, Botteslow Street, Hanley, Stoke On Trent, Staffs. Allbang & Strummit are at 22 Earlham Street, London WC2.

You might be interested to know that Wilkes (through their shops) will also custom build instruments to customer requirements, so if you want it in bright pink or shocking orange, y'know where to go.

★ OH YES, and as I mentioned before, I've been applying the old braincells to the subject of lubricating tremelo systems, and have found something rather special. Singer (the sewing machine people) make a Motor Lubricant for their machines, which is ideal for keeping tremelos wanging happily. It costs about £1 for a small tube (which lasts for ages) and won't drip off under stagelights or stain the finish on your guitars.

It's available from most Singer or needlework shops. So, if your trem needles you, cotton on!

★ NEW FENDER HM Guitars! As we reported after the Frankfurt Music Messe, Fender are designing and building some instruments specifically for the HM market. The first of these is due in the UK in a few weeks' time, and *Killerwatt* will be taking a close look at these innovative new axes – which are also available in a budget price range! Watch this space . . .

★ FINDING OUT The Hard Ware . . .

Lost the toggle cap off your old SG? Broken the scratchplate on your bass? Don't despair! Part & Parcel, the UK mail order guitar hardware company, have opened a new 'PartSearch' facility. You write to them giving details of the parts you are searching for, and they do the looking for you. Details from P&P, 217 Wood Street, Kettering, Northants. Tel: 0536 81219.

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FOUR WEEKS

BRYAN ADAMS plays London Hammersmith Odeon on April 19/20. Tickets are priced at £6.50/£5.50/£4.50.

THE LORDS OF THE NEW CHURCH play Southend College March 22, St. Albans City Hall 23, Brighton Coasters 24, Nottingham Rock City 25, Camden Electric Ballroom 26.

SPLITCROW will be appearing at Camden Dingwalls on April 3.

ROGUE MALE play London Marquee Club on April 4.

THE GRIP will be appearing at Guildford Royal March 23, Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel 28.

DUMPY'S RUSTY NUTS play Chiddingford Football Club March 22, Guildford Royal 28, Ewell Technical College 29, Reading Target Club 30, Gwent Cross Quays Institute April 6/7, London Marquee Club 12/13, Cambridge Melbourn Rock Club 19, Kings Lynn Blue & Gold Club 20, Runcorn Cherry Tree 24, Hereford Market Tavern 26.

INNER CITY UNIT, featuring **Nik Turner**, play Camden Dingwalls on March 21.

JAI GRAY JAI, a five-piece from London signed to *Panther Records*, play Harlesden The Mean Fiddler on April 10.

SEDUCER play Camden Dingwalls March 20 (with **Marino The Band**), Cambridge Melbourn Rock Club 22, Shepherds Bush Wellington 26, Oxford Penny Farthing 28, East Ham Ruskin Arms 29, Bournemouth Continental Cinema 30, Lee Green Old Tigers Head 31, Hull Troggs April 3, Birkenhead Stairways 4, Bury St. Edmunds Merry-Go-Round 5, Cambridge Sea Cadet Hall 6, High Wycombe Nags Head 11, Gwent Cross Quays Institute 13, Northampton Five Bells 14, Stoke-On-Trent Shelleys 17, Bolton Space City 18, Oldham Oddies 19, Warrington Lion Hotel 20, Leeds Robin Hood 21, Hastings The Crypt 25, Catford Saxon Tavern 26, Bristol Granary 27, Brentwood The Hermit May 16, Southend Top Alex 17.

PHANTOM, West Bromwich hard rockers, play Telford Townhouse Wellington March 22, Runcorn Cherry Tree Hotel 27, Tonypandy Naval Club 30, Bradford Coach House April 10, Hailsham Crown Hotel 20, Harlech Theatre Ardudwy 27, Bristol Granary May 4, Bradford Thornton Labour Club 17.

SHY (pictured above) play the following dates: Oxford Penny Farthing March 22, Reading Target Club 23, Cleethorpes Pier Hotel 27, Birkenhead Stairways 28, Glasgow The Venue 29, Newbridge Gwent Memorial Hall 31, Thatcham Silks April 1.

The band issue their debut single through the RCA *label on March 22. It's titled* ***'Hold On To Your Love'****. Their new album,* ***'Brave The Storm'****, is expected to be released during early May. It was produced by* ***Tonv Platt****.*

HAZE will be playing the following dates during March/April: Kings Lynn Blue & Gold Club March 23, Peterborough Gladstone Club 24, Birmingham Railway Club 25, Sheffield Rockwells Club April 2, Bradford Coach House 3, Nottingham Vino's Club 4, Northampton Black Lion 5, Milton Keynes Peartree Bridge Centre 6, Kettering Rising Sun 7, Alnwick Hot Rod Club 11, Peebles Cross Keys Club 12, Whitley Bay Esplanade Club 13, Brize Norton Spotlight Club 14, Runcorn Cherry Tree Hotel 17, Birmingham Railway Club 18, Reading Target Club 19, Bristol Granary 20, East Ham Ruskin Arms 21, Bradford Thornton Labour Club 26, Cirencester Fairford Club 27.

TREDEGAR, a quartet from Wales, play Chichester New Park Rock Club April 6, Brighton Richmond Hotel 7, Newbury Silks 8, Whitehaven Whitehouse Club 11, Bradford Thornton Labour Club 12, Cannock Norton Canes Stadium 13, Tonypandy Naval Club 20, Bucks Miter Hotel 25, Oxford Penny Farthing 26, Reading Target Club 27, Llanharran Rugby FC 28, Spennymoor Rock Centre May 6, Stoke-On-Trent Waggon & Horses 10, Warrington Lion Hotel 11.

SCHUTT, a new band from the South of England (see *Mayhem* issues 88/89), play Dunstable Wheatsheaf April 3, St. Albans Pineapple 13, Codicote The Bell 18, Harlow Square One Club 19, Milton Keynes Peartree Bridge Centre 27.

MASQUERADE, from Nottingham, play Nottingham Albany Club March 21, Castle Donington Community Centre 30 (in aid of the **Derby Scanner Appeal**).

■ **ERIC CLAPTON** has just released his latest album on the *Duck* label (distributed through *Warner Brothers*). Titled **'Behind The Sun'**, it features the following tracks: **'She's Waiting'**, **'Same Old Blues'**, **'Never Make You Cry'**, **'It All Depends'**, **'Tangled In Love'**, **'Knock On Wood'** (originally recorded by **Eddie Floyd**), **'Just Like A Prisoner'**, **'Behind The Sun'**, **'See What Love Can Do'**, **'Forever Man'** (written by **Jerry Lynn Williams**) and **'Something Happening'**.

With the exception of the last three songs, which were co-produced by **Ted Templeman** and **Lenny Waronker**, all titles were produced by **Phil Collins** at Compass Point Studios in Nassau.

Aside from Clapton (lead guitar/vocals), the LP also features **Donald 'Duck' Dunne/Nathan East** (bass), **Chris Stainton** (keyboards), **Steve Lukather /Lindsey Buckingham**, (guitar), **Jeff Porcaro/Jamie Oldaker** (drums) and **Ray Cooper** (percussion).

■ **SCORPIONS** DRUMMER **Herman Rarebell** issues a re-recorded version of his 1981 solo album, **'Nip In The Bud'** on the *Elektra* label in the US during late April. It's now titled **'Herman The German'**. A seven inch/12" single, **'I'll Say Goodbye'** b/w **'Rock Your Balls'**, will be put out on April 3, with lead vocals on the former track by **Don Dokken**. As yet, no UK release has been scheduled. For full details on this project, see *Rock USA* issue 68.

■ **PAT BENATAR** has just re-issued the single **'Love Is A Battlefield'** (written by **Mike Chapman** and **Holly Knight**/co-produced by **Neil Geraldo** and **Peter Colman**) on the *Chrysalis* label. Available in seven inch, seven inch picture disc and 12" formats, all feature on the flip the song **'Here's My Heart'** (co-written by **Giorgio Morodor** and **Pete Bellotte**/ produced by Morodor and featured on the soundtrack to the film **'Metropolis'**). The 12" version also features an extended mix of 'Love . . .', engineered by **John 'Jellybean' Benitez**.

■ **TERRAPLANE** ISSUE their debut album on the *Epic* label during May. Produced by **Liam Henshall**, it's titled **'Talking To You On The Great White Telephone'** and has the following track listing:

Side One: **'Don't Walk Away'**, **'When You're Hot'**, **'I Can't Live Without Your Love'**, **'I'm The One'** and **'You Can't Hurt Me Anymore'**.

Side Two: **'I Survive'**, **'Right Between The Eyes'**, **'Black On White'**, **'Get Your Face Out Of My Dreams'** and **'Couldn't Halt The Tears'** (featuring a guest vocal appearance from **Ruby Turner**).

■ *SWEDISH QUINTET* ***220 Volt*** *issue their third album on the* CBS *label in the near future. Titled* ***'Mind Over Muscle'****, it was produced by* ***Thomas Witt*** *and the band. The full track listing is:*

Side One: ***'Guitarintro'***, ***'The Tower'***, ***'In The End'***, ***'Electric Messenger'***, ***'Power Games'***, ***'Blessed By The Night'*** *and* ***'Secret Dance (Xymania)'****.*

Side Two: ***'It's Nice To Be A King'***, ***'Mind Over Muscle'***, ***'Whiter Than White'***, ***'Touch Of Fire'***, ***'Halloween'*** *and* ***'Pavement Song'****.*

A single, 'It's Nice To Be A King' b/w ***'Firefall'*** *(from the outfit's previous LP, 'Power Games'), is also scheduled for release.*

The five-piece's line-up is (above, l-r): ***Peter Hermansson*** *(drums),* ***Peter Olander*** *the (guitar/vocals),* ***Joakim Lundholm*** *(lead vocals),* ***Mike Larsson*** *(bass/vocals), and* ***Mats Karlsson*** *(guitar/vocals).*

■ **PALLAS** ISSUE a three-track 12" EP on the *Harvest* label during mid-April. The A-side features **'Strangers'**, whilst the flip has **'Sanctuary'** and **'Nightmare'**. All songs were produced by **Mick Glossop**.

The band begin work on a new, as yet untitled, album with Glossop in the near future.

■ **'GET WORKIN''**, the first solo album in five years from **Jeff Beck**, will now be issued on the *Epic* label during early May. See *Mayhem* issues 77 and 88 for further details.

■ THE CONCEPT album **'Phenomena'** will now be issued through the *Bronze* label on May 3. See *Mayhem* issue 86 for details. A 40-minute video is currently being put together for commercial release with a budget of £500,000.

■ **MICHAEL BOLTON** has just released his second solo album, **'Everybody's Crazy'**, on the *CBS* label in the US. For full details see *Mayhem* issue 76.

■ **FRANK ZAPPA** has just released a three-album boxed set under the title of **'Thing Fish'** on the *EMI* label. It's 'a surreal satire on modern America presented as a Broadway musical'.

■ **MOUNTAIN** HAVE just released a new album on the **Scotti Brothers** label in America. Titled **'Go For Your Life'**, it was produced by **Pete Solley**.

■ **THE SISTERS OF MERCY** have just issued their debut album on *Mercyful Release* (distributed through *Warner Brothers*). Titled **'First And Last And Always'**, it was produced by **Dave Allen** and has the following track listing:

Side One: **'Black Planet'**, **'Walk Away'**, **'No Time To Cry'**, **'A Rock And A Hard Place'** and **'Marian (Version)'**.

Side Two: **'First And Last And Always'**, **'Possession'**, **'Nine While Nine'**, **'Amphetamine Logic'** and **'Some Kind Of Stranger'**.

■ **HAWKWIND** ISSUE a double-live album on *American Phonograph International* during April. Titled **'Space Ritual Volume II'**, it was recorded on New Year's Eve 1972 at the Brixton Sundown and features previously unreleased material.

The band also put out **'Friends & Relations Volume III'** through *Flicknife* on April 1. It features the following track listing:

Side One: **'Psychedelia Lives (LLL Freaks Out)'**, **'Drug Cabinet'** and **'Wired Up For Sound'**.

Side Two: **'The Widow Song'**, **'Toad On The Road'**, **'When The Going Gets Tough'**, **'Vampire Stravinsky's Shoes'** and **'Canus Venaticia'**.

■ HALIFAX ACT **Satanic Rites** have just issued their debut album on the *Chub* label. Titled **'Which Way The Wind Blows'**, it was produced by the band with **David Clay** at Ric Rac Studios in Leeds and has the following track listing:

Side One: **'Burn In Hell'**, **'Mapper Of Evolution'**, **'Don't Tell Lies'**, **'Fear Of The Night'** and **'Turn Around'**.

Side Two: **'Slam The Door'**, **'Law Of The Land'**, **'Feel The Power'** and **'Which Way The Wind Blows'**.

The band's line-up is **Deborah Webster** (lead vocals), **Stuart Page** (lead guitar/vocals), **Kevin Doyle** (keyboards/vocals), **David Ingham** (bass) and **David Kershaw** (drums/tambourine).

■ CALIFORNIAN BAND **Agent Steel** issue their debut album on the *Combat* label in the next few weeks. Titled **'Operation Redeye'**, it features the following tracks: **'Agents Of Steel'**, **'Taken By Force'**, **'Bleed For The Gods'**, **'Children Of The Sun'**, **'144,000 Gone'**, **'Guilty As Charged'**, **'Evil Eye'**, **'Evil Minds'** and **'Coming Back To Reign'**.

SHORT

Singles reviews by LAURA CANYON

THE POWER STATION: 'a package trip knotted-hankie-on-the-head job'

THE POWER STATION: 'Some Like It Hot' (Parlophone)

What a waste of cheekbones! What a waste of plastic, for that matter. Think of all the HoJo banana vibrators you could make if you melted down every copy of this that's in circulation – because there's a lot, featuring as this 45 does Robert Palmer, Tony Thompson of Chic and John Taylor and Andy Taylor of Duran Duran.

The attempts at a dusky, sleazy dance beat, the Doobie-sounding chorus, the spurting sax, the noise that sounds like a budgie having an orgasm to a dusbinlid accompaniment and the stuff about 'doing it' are all meant to sound passionate and exotic, but come off as a package trip knotted-hankie-on-the-head job.

URIAH HEEP: 'Rockarama' (Portrait)

Trouble with Heep is, the first time in ages they've come up with a non-boring tune they go and write it about an excrutiatingly boring subject: MTV and rock videos. It's a bit self-consciously *modern* for my tastes, what with the Thomas Dolby touches and everything – reminiscent of J. Geils' 'Freeze Frame' era – but, that said, it's probably the most commercial thing they've done. And the guitar solo is quite admirable.

ERIC CLAPTON: 'Forever Man' (Warner Brothers)

A bit 'Layla'-ish, what? Right down to the blues on the B-side. Only 'Forever Man' is to 'Layla' what Ramsgate is to St Moritz; all the right elements are there but it lacks that certain *je ne sais quois*. Torture, perhaps? Guilt? Unrequited horniness? Drugs? Passion? I don't hear too much of any of them in this, but Eric *can* still squeeze the nectar out of that guitar when the itch takes over. And I'm more than glad that he's moved away from the sickly wimpiness of 'You Look Wonderful Tonight'.

MAINEEAXE: 'Gimme Your Love' (Powerstation)

Good, basic, slobby, raunchalong party stuff. As soon as the grungy guitar came in, my toes started wriggling, my arm began to point. But as soon as it finished, I forgot it.

THE CARS: 'Why Can't I Have You' (Elektra)

Because I'm saving myself for Bryan Adams, that's why!

BRYAN ADAMS: 'Somebody' (A&M)

To think this man once toured with Journey! To think this man comes from Canada! 'Somebody' is a damn near perfect single. Heroic stuff; raw but tuneful vocals that suck your spine into submission like a strand of spaghetti. Subtly scorching guitar, the best of Tom Petty and John Cougar put into a blender and served with Bourbon on ice. When it's finished all you want to do is put the thing back on again.

TOKYO BLADE: 'Madame Guillotine'/'Break Out'/'Love Struck' (Powerstation)

The first cut is the deepest – a nice propulsive attack that gets your braincells darting around like amphetamine-innoculated guppies. The disjointed instrumental bit sounds like someone sawing a string orchestra in two. I like it! I also like the gargly sore-throat vocals: Tyrozets and drugs and rock and roll. Can't say I like *Side Two* much, though.

GIUFFRIA 'Call To The Heart' (MCA)

In hotdogs, as in Giuffria singles, longer is better, so I'm reviewing the 12-inch as opposed to the 7-inch, but what the hell, the little one comes free with it anyway. A nice, lilting keyboard sucks you in, heart-tugging vocals lift you up, and by the time it gets all dramatic in the middle you want to wave your arms in the air and yell. Well, I do anyway. Simple, and simply fine. I don't even miss the lack of Angel over-the-topness on this track.

JOURNEY: 'Only The Young'/SAMMY HAGAR 'I'll Fall In Love Again' (Geffen)

Yaargh! (Not to be confused with *Wooargh*!) The one good thing about Journey is Neal Scon. No, make that two, Jonathan Cain's pretty fab. For that matter, there's nothing at all wrong with Steve Smith and Ross Valory. In fact the one bad thing about Journey is Steve Perry. It sounds like they've shot up with male hormones for the first part of the song, but it degenerates into typical singalong gloop, redeemed only by nice keyboards and lovely guitar.

Neal's old pal Sammy Hagar's on the other side of this single (the songs come from a movie soundtrack, hence the pairing) and though it's an insistent little foot-tapper it's nothing like the best thing he's done in recent years.

SCORCHED EARTH: 'Tomorrow Never Comes'/'Questions'/'Where Do We Go From Here'/'So Long' (Carrere)

All four songs are a waste of talent. 'Tomorrow' wanders all over the place like a dumb dog sniffing lamp posts looking for its way home – starts pretty, turns Tull-ish (which means it doesn't have a leg to stand on!) then butch-es up, goes limp again . . . you get the idea. A great Paul Rodgers-ish 'Whoo-oo-ah' opens 'Questions', which turns out to be a good, sturdy song. Things get a bit David Cassidy-ish on the second side.

TOBRUK: 'Falling' (Parlophone)

A confident, dynamic band that grabs you to your feet at the beginning but lets you fall to the floor during the ordinary chorus. Nice muscular rhythm section, strong guitar solo, fine, solid vocals. But not the best song I've ever heard.

BIG DADDY: 'Dancing In The Dark'/'Eye Of The Tiger'/'I Write The Songs'/'Bette Davis Eyes' (Making Waves)

Brought to you by the record company that put out a kazoo version of 'Whole Lotta Love', the first side of Big Daddy's EP's fun, the second side's a yawn.

The Boss's big hit is done early Ricky Nelson style, all twinkly pianos and intense spoken parts and corny whistles and *oooh-aaah* harmonies and cutesy teen idol vocals – a bit of a poke in the eye to Springsteen, who may be fab but does take himself and his songs a mite too seriously sometimes.

And the doowop rendition of Survivor's 'Eye Of The Tiger' manages to deflate that band's self-importance even more effectively, even if it's too self-consiously trying to be clever.

IQ: 'Barbell Is In'/'Dans Le Parc Du Chateau Noir' (Sahara)

Sounds like hippies beamed forward in a time machine into a late '80s studio. Don't know what they're on about but they sure sound good – everything and the kitchen sink's in there, including the garbage disposal and someone being ground up in it!

Side Two's got a nice sense of the grand: a Pink Floyd-y intro, a Queen-y instrumental mid-way through, stormy-night-in-a-cemetery noises and glorious guitars. Give them a cover story!

SCORPIONS: 'Still Loving You' (EMI)

Oooo, it sends little jackboot prints up and down your spinal column. Glorious, *wunderbar*. Zey haff vays of making your eyelids flutter without the usual hot flushes of wimpdom. But why the hell would you want to fork out for the single when you've already got the album? That is what I would like to know.

CHRIS REA 'Stainsby Girls' (Magnet)

Sainsbury girls? Oops sorry, Stainsby. Still, it's not worth checking out anway! The centre aisle's a bit more interesting, but it's mostly as soft and redundant as Dennis de Young's brain.

Boardplane

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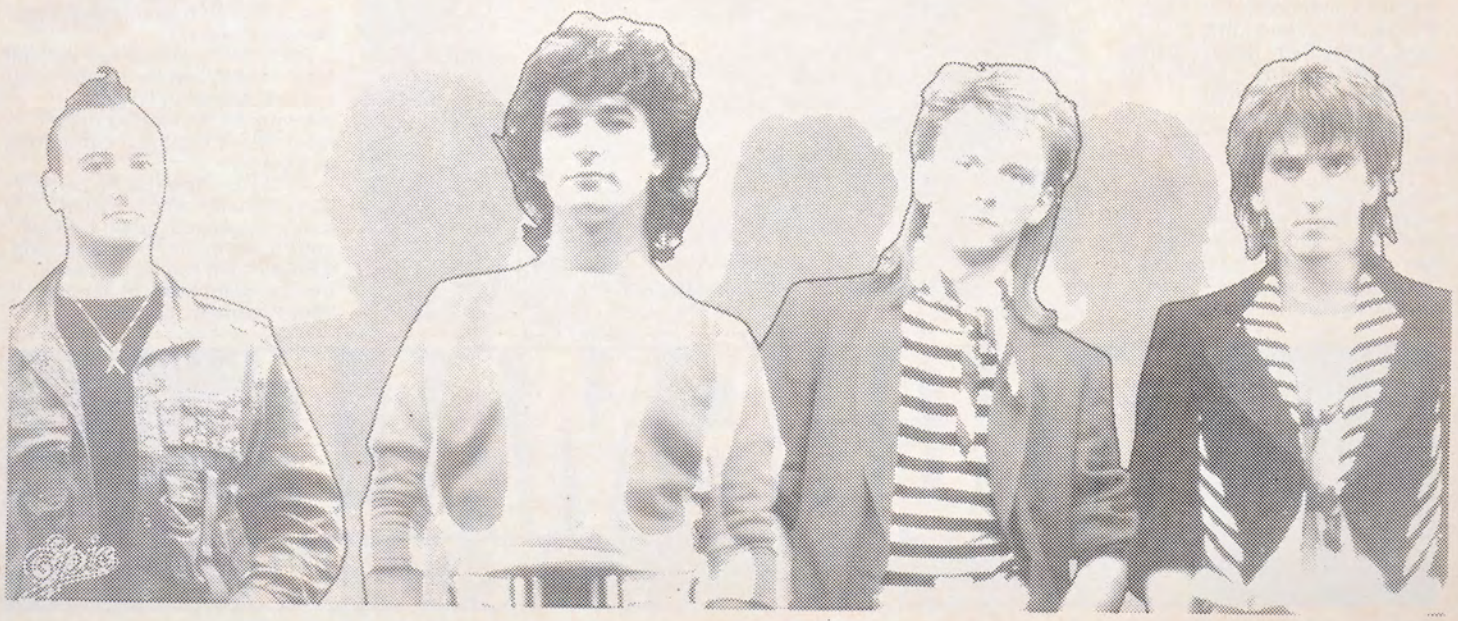


KOMMUNICATION

Say it loud to Kommunication, Kerrang!, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London NW1 7QZ

PRAISE AT LAST!

THE MAIN purpose of a rock magazine such as *Kerrang!* is to inform its readership about rock music. As rock is a very wide spectrum, it is only proper that the coverage in your publication should be just as wide and varied as the music form to which it is devoted. Thus, there is room in the pages of your hallowed magazine for all acts from Chicago to Venom, from U2 to Iron Maiden, from AC/DC to ZZ Top.

Another purpose of a good rock magazine is to educate its readers. This does not just mean telling them about established acts who obtain regular coverage, often solely because they are a known quantity. Any rock magazine worth its salt should also strive to inform its readers, who scour the pages in their unceasing quest for knowledge about unknown acts.

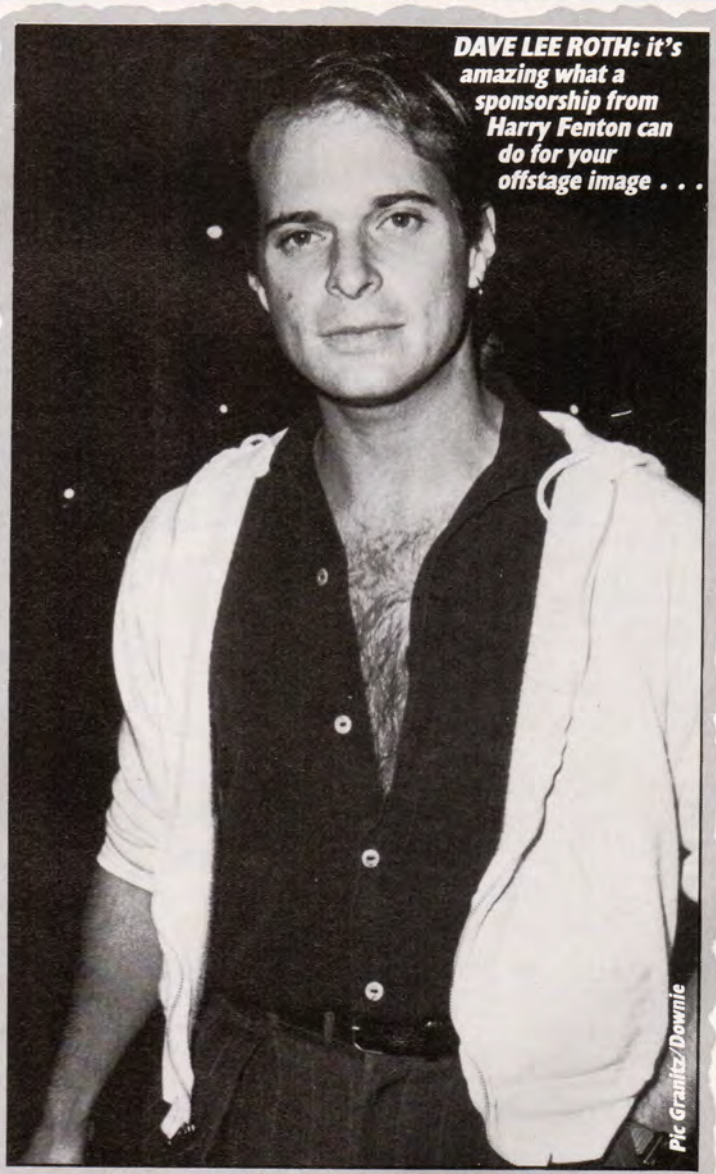
Thirdly, a good rock magazine should furnish opinion and provide a forum for debate and discussion. However, this should be balanced and, most importantly, well-informed. It is not a place for blind, ignorant prejudice and narrow-minded bigotry. It should be a marketplace for the exchange of ideas and an opportunity for intelligent discussion.

I have bought *Kerrang!* consistently since issue 20. Overall, during that two-and-a-half years, I have been very satisfied with it. Occasionally I have had cause for complaint as it has gone through a few ups and downs, but that is to be expected as the staff are only human – and humans are fallible.

Kerrang! provides a very welcome and much-needed breath of fresh air amid the dross that passes itself off as the 'popular music press'. Usually the standard of writing is high, with the most notable features recently being Dave Dickson's article on U2 (issue 82), Geoff Barton's interviews with Deep Purple (81/82) and Chris Welch's epic Jimmy Page feature (84/85).

Congratulations must also go to 'Krusher' Joule for his excellent designs and layout and to Ian Gibson for a couple of superb covers (75 and 86).

I will be signing off now as I think I have said all that I set out to say. Except, that is, for you to keep the standard flying high. **A fan of all good rock music, the Journalist's Class, College Of Business Studies, Belfast.**



DAVE LEE ROTH: it's amazing what a sponsorship from Harry Fenton can do for your offstage image . . .

Pic Granitz/Downie

CALIFORNIA GROWLS

ON February 14 I was watching *Top Of The Pops*. Don't worry, I haven't changed my faith – I only watch this crap when I'm depressed or ill or when I need a good laugh. And laugh? I nearly died! What the hell was HE doing? 'California Girls'? 'Tarts', more like! I was digusted and dismayed. How *could* he?

Not everyone may see this the way I do, but I honestly think Dave Lee Roth is off his rocker. Yeah, he may look good, but his choice of music is, to say the least, PATHETIC. I mean, my God, being in Van Halen is one thing – but this! What I want to know is, what does he think he's up to? Look, Dave – stick to what you're best at, singing good rock, not sleazy crap like this, mate. **The Night Nurse, somewhere in Omagh.**

NO PALS, SUNBEAM

WHAT HAS happened to the *Penpals* column in *Kerrang!*?

I used to wait eagerly for my fortnightly dose of rock literature in which I could find regular lists of loads of friendly people with a common interest in the *best music* just waiting for the rest of us to put pen to paper. This was the only opportunity us rockers had to get to know others like ourselves from all over the world.

OK, so now you are gonna say there are Personal and Penfriends columns in the paid *Klassifieds* advertisements. Well, I worked out that to get down all I wanted to say it would cost me over £4 – and that is a lot of money for a student, an out of work rocker or for younger rock fans, especially since we pay out 80p for *Kerrang!* anyway. Surely you can spare half a page for *Penpals* each issue? How can us rockers prove ourselves to be the friendly people we are if we can't get in touch with our fellow *Kerrang*sters?

May I be one of the first to offer my friendship if you do bring the service back. I am 18 and my two mates, aged 19 and 17 (all female), would like to write to anyone, anywhere. We like Mötley Crüe, Hanoi Rocks, Ratt, Bon Jovi and Van Halen. We intend to travel around the UK in the future and desperately need penfriends to guide us to the best watering holes around. **Lisa C, 6 Monton Green, Eccles, Manchester M30 9LW.**

UNFORTUNATELY, SPACE restrictions prevent a Penpals *column appearing in* Kerrang! *on a regular basis. However, you will find* Penpals *in every issue of* Extra Kerrang! *Issue number Four is now on sale, featuring Ozzy on the cover. – Ed.*

RADIO ON!

IS ROSS Halfin deaf or something? I'm commenting on his so-called review of the Firm's brilliant single 'Radioactive' (issue 88). Who let this berk have his say, anyway?

For a start Jimmy Page *can* still play; no way has he 'lost it'. Just because there isn't much axework on the single doesn't mean to say Page is deteriorating as a player.

As old as Jimmy is, he can still blow the balls off of most of today's so called 'guitar heroes' and I'd be very f**king surprised if Ross Halfin can do the same. **Dedicated follower of Jimmy Page, Clapham, London.**

ROGUE MALE
. . . . . ARE COMING

LOGO NO-GO

SPEAKING OF covers and puking (remember Ian Gillan making that remark about the Sabs' 'Born Again' sleeve in issue 81?) I wonder who the artistic genius is who came up with the cover of the new Purple album?! Eleven years apart, and all they could come up with when they reform is a tacky looking 'DP' logo. The cover of the 'Perfect Strangers' 12" single is better and would have made an excellent LP cover. All too often great albums are packaged in lousy covers that don't do the product justice. **Steve-o, Gaithersburg, Maryland, USA.**

ANOTHER MICK IN THE WALL

OOH BABY BABY . . . if you're enticed by the smell of freshly baked palm trees, then you'll like Micky Wall. If you're stimulated by the taste of crinkle-cut paving slabs, the sound of thickly buttered Chevrolet hubcaps, the sleek lines of ivory frogs with detachable headrests, then Mick's the 'kid' for you.

If you're attracted to the warm fragrance of mandrake paddlestreamers, then you'll agree that Mick, 84's most quotable *Kerrang!* critic, has a gifted knack for ice cool expression, even if at times he leaves yer average man in the street desperately trying to figure out exactly what the bugger's on about. But who cares if his exquisite prose is sometimes completely incomprehensible? It's the flow, the pulse, the sound that counts . . . baby.

And do we like Micky? Do we like the little devil? Do anchovies inevitably lead to hushed abduction from Portland, Maine? Does HoJo always look pissed in *'View From The Bar'* photos? Does Rocky Shades have a trifle between his legs? Does Malcolm Dome have any hair left for a transplant? Does Geoff 'Ready As Hell' Barton have a sponsorship from Jim Dandy? Does Nicky May (Nicky May, Nicky May) score more times than Nikki Sixx? You betcha. **Magic Dick's underwater yellowhammer.**

SMASH HITS: THE PITS

OVER THE past few months I have noticed that you have started printing letters from readers requesting features on bands outside of the HM genre.

With this in mind, I checked out numerous albums from bands including the Cure, Joy Division, Wang Chung and U2. Well, I've never heard such boring, meaningless, tinny, whining crap. Just because they play guitars does not give them any excuse to be given features in *Kerrang!*

More than enough fans were annoyed by the Prince feature in issue 82, so please do not ruin a good HM mag with any more of this New Wave/trendy s**t. Most of us buy *Kerrang!* to read about good, traditional rock music – not 'new music' garbage.

We HM fans are sneered at enough by short-haired baggy-trousered trendies without having to see the likes of the Alarm in an HM mag. So leave this trendy crap to *Smash Hits* and let's see more on UFO, Manowar, Priest and Anvil. **From a rock fan who is sick of conceited trendies.**

LITA FORD: unfortunately the 'leather bikini shot' has been stolen from our photo files. Will this do?

Pic Tony Mottram

LEATHER 'N' LUST

I'VE A great idea for your *Ladykillers* series. How about (beg, beg, plead) a picture of Lita Ford in a leather bikini?

A while back (well, a long time ago) I bought Lita's LP 'Out For Blood' and was knocked out by the cover. Wow! I was so impressed by it that I haven't pinned it up on my wall, like I usually do with sleeves I like. I'm keeping it in a PVC cover as I do not want it to be damaged in any way.

Also, could you please print more features on Maiden and Metallica. I know these bands already have a lot of coverage, but I think they are the ultimate in Heavy Metal. **Grant Williamson, Port Glasgow, Renfrewshire.**

DELETION DELIGHT

MULTI-PURPOSE *Kerrang!* letter (delete as applicable).

Well, well, having just read your review of Venom/Iron Maiden/Duran Duran, I felt elated/interested/sick. Surely your reviewer/scribe/hack must have been at a different concert to me. The band I saw were simply superb/nothing special/appalling. Your man on the spot must be a genius/perceptive/a vegetable, he was probably viewing from the bar/the balcony/the toilet. The band's sound system was second to none/average/about as powerful as 200 Sony Walkmans.

And as for the band's material which your journalist slagged off/mentioned/praised – these songs just had to be among their best/most recent/worst. I have bought every issue of *Kerrang!/The Times/Gay News* since time began/issue number one/last week and never have I been so irritated/passive/impressed by one man's review/prose/drivel. This writer deserves nothing short of an OBE/a pat on the back/a kick in the teeth.

While we're at it, let us spread our wings and fly, enveloping all kinds of music/all kinds of rock/pure HM. As far as I'm concerned a magazine such as this should be strictly HM/cover all kinds of music/devote more space to Dolly Parton (token sexist remark). **The Man On The Silver Mountain/Mr Crowley/Walter Hottle-Bottle, Chinatown/Heaven & Hell/Dingley Dell.**

SINFUL

I AM writing to you to complain in the strongest possible terms about issue 87 of your pop music magazine.

I confiscated it from a 15 year old child believing, quite rightly, it to be unsuitable for a mind of such youthful innocence. Nothing, however, prepared me for the sheer obscenity (and I believe that is not too strong a word) of the articles contained within. The front page depicted a degradingly androgynous character apparently slaughtering two harmless toys, while page three of this disgusting publication featured a photo of an Oriental gentleman smiling above a headline proudly proclaiming 'Sin After Sin'. The implication is obvious. On page 19 the woman (?) from the cover is depicted in an appalling and outrageous pose, knifing to death a cake in the shape of a human head.

To cap it all you also feature a positively pornographic 'cartoon strip' entitled *'Pandora Peroxide'*. This was an outrageous thing to include in a magazine that could be seen by young people, with the inclusion of references to 'pussy' – which, I am led to believe, is underground 'slang' for the female parts.

The headmaster of the school has been informed of the existence of your perverted 'entertainment' and any child found in possession of *Kerrang!* magazine will be suspended, pending further investigation.

One further point – more Wrathchild dubble kwik or your nuts will be crushed to powder by the Woking Wrath Wreckerz. **Si and Rob, the Woking Wrath Wreckerz.**

KLASSIFIEDS

PERSONAL

MALE (19) SEEKS FEMALE INTO MAIDEN, JOUI, TYGERS, MARILLION, GENESIS to write meet photo appreciated Wolverhampton area. Box No K489.

URGENT: H/M girl wanted 18-25 for gigs London area Dave Box No K490.

MALE 21, Chinese, into UFO, Maiden, Ozzy, seeks females for genuine friendship. All letters answered. Photo appreciated. London Box No K491.

TWO ATTRACTIVE males, 18, from U.S.A., seek fun loving females. Age 16-21, for pubs, concerts etc. Looks important. West London Box No K492.

ACCOM. WANTED for female 18 into Free, Zep. or will someone share cost of flat/bedsit Box No K495.

MALE 20, seeks fun loving female 18-25 in Aberdeen area for pubs, gigs, laughter. Am into Zeppelin, Whitesnake etc. All replies welcomed. Box No K496.

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DIO, MAIDEN, Judas Purple, and many others. IRC Soulat, 62 Rue Curie 78230 Le Pecq, France.

WANTED

KERRANGS 1-6, 8, 10, 11, Darrel, 31 Cemetery Road, Drowfield, Sheffield.

U.S. PENFRIENDS – for exchange trip, Summer 85/86. Likes any music. Leighton Rees, 1 Upperton Road, Leicester LE3 0BH England.

REVIEW MAGAZINE requires demo tapes from HM/HR bands (worldwide) send demos, info and photos to Box No K493.

ANGELS FIRST two albums wanted, 'Angel' and 'Hellova Band' plus live tapes, interviews videos etc. Graham Barnell, 4 Manor Close, Kempston, Bedford MK42 7AA England.

ERIC CLAPTON live tapes, videos, photos, for trade or will buy please send lists write Mal, 18 Bilsdale Close, Rawcliffe, York YO3 6TT North Yorks.

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W.A.S.P., VENOM Metallica tour t-shirts, sweatshirts. Steve (0244) 20374.

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MALE BASSIST (16-18) needed for young Bucks HM/HR band. Richard High Wycombe 712523 after 7pm.

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BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

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SPECIAL NOTICES

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HI ALL Hanoi fans! Here is one finnish girl who really loves Hanoi Rocks. Please write to me. Kira Norlamo Sirkkalanmäki 23, 00760 Helsinki, Finland.
LONELY MALE 19 seeks lonely female 17-21 in Wash. D.C. area into US + UK metal for letters and meet all letters answered picture app. Phil Echols, 8112 Old Georgetown Rd, Bethesda, Maryland 20814.

DEF LEPPARD

FROM PAGE 34

worked your way up together . . .

"No, it's just him. Pete's always had something to prove, y'see, probably because he's a midget. The guy thought he was 10 feet tall when he was pissed and he'd be taking on people as big as you . . . it didn't work. He was like a gigantic ball and chain around our ankles . . ."

THE LATEST whisper on Willis is that he's currently swanning around the environs of Sheffield, complete with *Rolls Royce* and minder, recounting tales of some hush-hush supergroup he might be throwing in his frets with. Elliott finds it hard to take the whole thing seriously, and I think it's fair to say that the recording of album number four is proceeding all the smoother for the wee man's absence. Already, a number of lead vocals are complete, and the band (employing two studios simultaneously) are steadily piecing together their ten new songs, ready to convince a waiting world that Life After 'Pyromania' *does* exist.

So what's on the boil? Well, in no particular order, there's 'Armageddon It' and 'Ring Of Fire', already mentioned, 'Excitable', 'Gods Of War', 'Fractured Love', 'Don't Shoot The Shotgun' (Stonesy, I'm assured), 'Animal', 'Love Bites' (a ballad), 'Run Riot' and the enticingly handled 'Women', all proudly produced by the Leppard members themselves, who, without the invaluable 'Mutt' Marten to administer the prods, are taking great and serious pleasure in booting each other up the bum!

"Actually, I never envisaged us producing ourselves," admits Joe, "I thought it might be the one thing that would lead to us falling out. It's always been dead important to us that Leppard is a *friends* situation; we want to keep the element of why we started. Five mates who can still go into the same bar and look each other in the face after seven years. Happily, that's the way it's remained, and producing ourselves is working really well . . ."

The new album, which now looks set to be mixed by Lange in the UK, an added bonus, should be available by August, after which the band plan to tear up the tarmac on a world tour of, well . . . y'know. The idea, it seems, is to blow away the studio cobwebs with about eight shows in Ireland, some in smaller places, then steer a course for the UK, perhaps for a September stint (the British dates have already been put back four times!) of 20 or so gigs. A headline appearance at Wembley Arena isn't too far off for the boys, according to Queen's Brian May, a staunch Leppard supporter, but this time around I reckon they'll settle for something a little more cosy. Next tour, though . . .

Europe too seems odds on to cop a visit, particularly as 'Pyromania' has now shifted over 100,000 copies in France and is making a late burst for the tape in Scandinavia as well. Business in Germany, however, remains a little slow, and as for Holland . . . well, now we're talking about a massive 639 units shifted. Still, at least it means the band don't have to worry about being recognised. Def *what?!*

By December Leppard should be into America, after which it's likely they'll travel to Japan, though probably *not* Australia, that stage of the tour having lost them around 60 grand last Feb. Indeed, all in all, their schedule will be less arduous than last time, including more days off to recover and recharge. The band should certainly feel healthier as a result, but then with the Rick Allen episode having shocked the Leppard camp into a highly body-conscious state, that's the way things are heading anyway . . .

"I don't want to waste away and vegetate," explains Joe. "I'm 25, I'm supposed to be at the peak of my fitness; I'm supposed to be Glenn Hoddle – but I wasn't. I'd run a mile and be out of breath. Now I can run a six minute mile, no trouble, and I do half an hour's worth of exercises every day. 'Sav', Phil and myself all go jogging too – we take less for granted now than we did before . . ."

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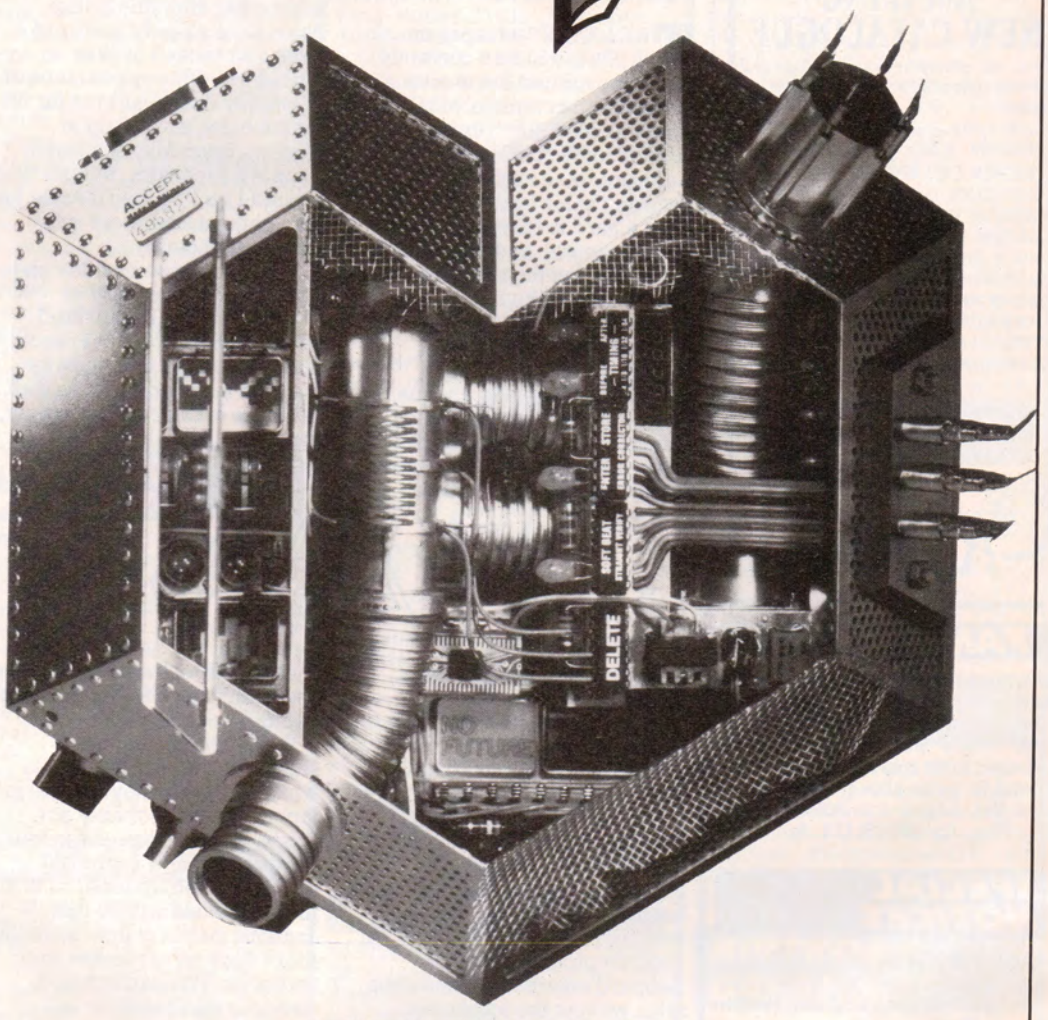

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Portrait

Rock in Rio (3)

MICK WALL reaches the final lap of his Rio-ck 'n' roll marathon

"I CAN'T be certain, but I think I've managed to set up an interview for you with Rod. Will it get the cover?"

Michael Jensen, Rod Stewart's US PR, is busting his balls trying to do the impossible: organise a Rod Stewart interview for *Kerrang!*

"I don't think you'll get the cover, Michael," I reply down the phone into the pink receiver. "Nobody on *Kerrang!* really *cares* enough about Rod The Mod any more. We're all too young . . . ha ha ha!"

"It *has* to be a cover, or he won't go for it."

There's a nervous edge to Michael's voice. Everybody in Brazil, it seems, wants to rap with Rod, only Rodders ain't interested. But his guitarist Robin Le Mesurier has put a good word in for me, and now Michael's trying to wrap the deal up.

"Alright. Tell him I say he *can* have the cover . . . but don't tell him that I told you he *won't get* the cover!" I suggest, all bushy tailed.

"Uuuhhhhh . . . no. I gotta better idea. Meet me in room 855 at 7.00 pm, and for God's sake don't be late. Rod will be there. We've organised an informal press conference between him and one or two Brazilian journalists. I'll try and organise something for you then. Just hang out. Make like a fly-on-the-wall for a while and I'll try and introduce you."

I drop the receiver back on to its cradle and head on down to the pool, wondering what the hell I can ask Rod Stewart after all these years . . .

That evening I'm scheduled to take a car out to the festival to see AC/DC and the Scorpions strut their stuff before the multitude. Big problem. I can't do that *and* land myself one of the biggest fish of my career: Rod Stewart! At least, you wouldn't think so, eh? Oh ye of little bottle! This is The Kid talking at ya, and I can do that and *more*. Oh yes . . .

FIRST . . . AC/DC. Didn't see them. What a shame. In fact, I didn't see any of AC/DC once, the whole time I was in Rio. Where were you hiding, boys? And *why*?

Second . . . the Scorpions! I've seen the Scorpions set a torch to the night in New York and Madrid so far in the last four months and Rio, by all accounts, was no exception. The rock machine that powers the music of the Scorpions onstage thrives on road work, and the band have certainly had their share of that since 'Love At First Sting' was released world-wide! No, in truth, I didn't catch their set this time in person, but this is the info I gleaned from my army of spies.

And the word was that Klaus Meine appeared on stage at the start of the set carrying a huge Brazilian flag which he in turn hurled out into the audience, much to the unbridled displeasure of the tooled-up security guards, before the band launched into an electrically charged performance of 'Coming Home'.

Reaction was rabid but the biggest thrill of the night was reserved for 'Still Lovin' You', a ballad which has already been a hit single in Brazil for the Scorpions. As I intimated earlier in this never-ending piece, ballads are *the* big noise in Rio and 'Holiday' was also reserved for some very special emotional muscle from the crowd.

Towards the climax of the set, during 'Can't Get Enough', Rudy Schenker almost topped himself when he did a back-flip at the edge of the slanting stage, guitar still in hand, slipping and cutting a gash over his eye that gushed a purple fountain of blood and later required three stitches to hold his face in one piece.

For the encore of 'The Zoo' Matthias Jabs arrived on stage carrying a very low-slung guitar shaped like a map of South America, which, with a bit of imagination, resembled a Gibson Firebird, and no mistake. And then, finishing off the whole event with a real flavour of International *Bonhomie*, the entire band stepped out to the front of the stage to sing *a capella* style the same Brazilian folk song the journalists had taught them, parrot-fashion, back at the press conference the previous afternoon. Oh, there is Wagnerian magic afoot this night . . .

BACK AT the Copacabana Palace Hotel, David Coverdale has just run into the millionth person to ask what he thinks of the reformed Deep Purple, the publically-touted 'definitive' Mk II line-up.

"I think they look like the bleeding Moody Blues' fan club!" he gloats, before taking his leave.

Three feet from certain escape Dave is introduced to Nina Hagen, who is also appearing on the Festival bill. They stand together and exchange pleasantries, and when they part Nina breathes into Coverdale's ear: "You are such a nice man. If I had known what a nice man you are I would have washed before meeting you!"

IN ROOM 855 at the Rio Palace Hotel, Rod Stewart has just walked in to be greeted by half-a-dozen toothy grins from the assembled Brazilian press hierarchy. Only the *creme-de-la-creme* is granted an audience with Rod The God, and, for once, in my role as Sam Spade fidgety fly on the wall Wall, that includes me.

I'm under orders not to participate in this knotty little gathering, with the semi-promise of a few words with his Royal Haircut afterwards, but figure I might just sling a few verbal right hooks his way, if the opportunity presents itself.

Huh! Fat chance! Not with the asembled heavenly chorus of hungry hacks all begging for priceless gems like: "Eeezze eet troo that yooo were once a grave digger, Rrooddd?"

Or: "Why deeed yooo leeevve Innland to live inna ELAAAAY?"

I mean, forget it. The moment the inane questions have dried up, though, Rod is whisked out the door faster than a thoroughbred greyhound out of a trap. I knit my eyebrows and wonder why I wasted my time on this media-Mephisto. Michael Jensen shrugs his shoulders and whispers famous last words like "Maybe tomorrow . . ." Nail me to the bar . . . and I'll tell you who you are, Rod . . .

Later that night me and Ross are amongst a party of guests having dinner with Ozzy Osbourne. The restaurant is Muiro's, one of the finest meat-eateries in town. While the waiters continuously throw huge skewers of barbecued flesh onto our yawning great plates, Ozzy is reminiscing about his time spent in Black Sabbath.

"It was such a laugh in the early days," he begins. "We treated nothing seriously. Let's face it, we couldn't treat anything seriously outside of playing, we were all too bloody thick! I remember Tony (Iommi) and Bill (Ward) doing this live radio show once, and the interviewer asked Tony who the biggest influence was on his guitar playing and he just sat there and went . . . 'Er . . . um . . . ah . . . er . . . well . . . er . . . let's see . . . er . . . Bert!' *Bert?* Stupid sod was talking about Bert Weedon being his biggest influence. And then Bill, who's sat there saying nothing for the last half an hour, leans over and asks the interviewer if he minds if he just clears his throat. The bloke says 'No, of course not,' so Bill leans into the microphone and goes 'Bollocks, f**k, c**t, piss, s**t, bollocks, f**k, bastard!' Honestly, it cracked me up.

"Rock stars, huh! They're so bloody daft. You see these f**kers hanging out in all night clubs in New York or somewhere, and they're all walking around wearing bloody sunglasses. They can't see a f**king thing and spend two hours talking to a bloody brick wall, acting cool.

"Actually, that reminds me of the time I was just leaving this

". . . David Coverdale has just run into the millionth person to ask him what he thinks of the reformed Deep Purple. 'I think they look like the bleeding Moody Blues' fan club,' he gloats, before taking his leave . . ."

KONTINUES OVER

Rio

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

club, pissed out of me brains. As I got to the door Roger Taylor from Queen was standing there with his shades on, and he stops me and says hello. I looked at him and said, 'Who the hell are you?' And he shoves his bloody sunglasses down his nose and peers over the top of them and says, 'It's me, man, Roger . . .' And of course I knew who he was, I was just pissed out of me head. So I looked at him and goes . . .'Bollocks! Queen just ripped off everything they ever did from Sabbath!' And I walked out the door. Can you imagine his face? Ha, ha, ha, you should have seen him trying to figure that one out! Queen ripped off Sabbath! What a f**king joke! You know, he hasn't spoken a word to me from that day to this."

I'm nearly choking on my baked piranha, I'm laughing so much.

FINALLY, IT'S our last night at the festival. There's still another five days to go before things draw to a close, but Ross and I have an important don't-be-late-date in New York. Frankly, we can't wait to leave. We've had enough. The *Daily Mirror* and *The Sun* might reckon this city to be a riot of rude orgies and Winter sunshine, but me, I'm here to tell you that's a load of crap. Rio is hot, dirty, dangerous, and devoid of civilised recreation. Jesus, of course I'm glad I was there, but not half as glad as I was to leave. Sod what all the other posey press pussies wanna bulls**t on and on about.

So anyway, it's the last night. Two shows: Ozzy Osbourne and Rod Stewart.

There have been waves of consternation from the Rod Stewart camp over the prospects of following Ozzy on stage. On the one hand, Robin Le Mesurier has already confessed to me that the band are dead chuffed that *they* and not Ozzy are headlining the show. In the States Rod and Ozzy are approximately neck and neck in purely commercial terms, with Ozzy likely to be the one who will eventually gain the more impressive lead. On the other hand, though, Ozzy Osbourne is one of the greatest rock and roll performers in the world when it comes to delivering the goods to vast open-air festival crowds. Rod ain't no slouch, but it's going to be far from straightforward converting the excitement Ozzy's Metal-plated music generates from the crowd into the more melodic groove-along swing Rod Stewart's confidence thrives on.

". . . up on his padded feet he is flying, fking flying across the boards, still playing, still edging closer to the limit . . . around the world or around the clock, everywhere he goes Jake E. Lee wants to rock!"**

"I dunno what he's worried about," laughs Ozzy sardonically. Stewart's unvoiced jitters smack of superstar soft-soap, and Ozzy knows it. "This is my first time on stage without a drink inside me for 16 years!"

Classical music fills the night. The lights die and 150,000 people open their throats and howl.

Suddenly . . . flashbombs ignite, Jake E. Lee stabs his fist into the beating heart of his flaming guitar and, Christ! It's Ozzy!

'I Don't Know' opens the deal and the crowd are going mad. Ozzy looks fantastic, pounding the stage with a vigour bred entirely on his own unnatural energy. Your eyes just follow every move he makes. 'Mr Crowley' and 'Bark At The Moon' chunt and boom; the band are choke-tight and the joint is jumpin' . . . Ozzy's voice never sounded cleaner, and he sings his arse off like a choirboy on speed.

'Revelation Mother Earth' is, uh, just that; a revelation . . . really. A monster opening and closing its fantastic jaws. The slow build up, the stake-through-the-heart rhythmic charge of the middle section and the all-out nuclear strike of the big front finale. A real adrenalin fix . . . the best blood transfusion in town.

'Suicide Solution' is the Jake E. Lee show and no mistake. Ozzy throws an arm round Jake's neck half-way through the number and hurls him to the ground. Jake bounces onto his back, still playing, still making magic, points his toes to the sky, arches his spine and begins tipping into a solo that hits the back of your throat like nerve gas. Springing back onto his heels, still playing, still grinning, all his cat-like mobility is shaded in rock and roll malevolence, his guitar a sub-machine gun strafing between the eyes of the crowd. Up on his padded feet he is flying, f**king flying across the boards, still playing, still edging closer to the limit . . . around the world or around the clock, everywhere he goes Jake E. Lee wants to rock!

'Iron Man' and 'Crazy Train' close the show in a bloodbath of flash bombs and animal screams from Ozzy. Forget last year's Donington. Compared to Rio it never happened . . . *and* Ozzy was the best thing all day at Donington.

Pic Justin Thomas

BY THE poolside at the Copacabana Beach Hotel, Brian May of Queen prepares to take the plunge . . .

JANUARY IS traditionally when the rains fall the hardest in Brazil; towards the end of Ozzy's set the first showers are growing in strength and sheer bloody-minded persistence. For the opening of Rod Stewart's set we're talking torrential! Built on swampland, the festival site turns swiftly into a bubbling vat of mud-glorious-mud: strictly quick-quag alley. Before he leaves for his hotel Ozzy blinks into the rain and says: "People aren't leaving this place, they're just sinking into the mud. It's a plot hatched by Queen . . . honest! What they do the day of their second show is, they turn sun-ray lamps on the ground and up pop about 100,000 punters waving hello out of the mud!"

Dressed in a canary yellow shirt and blue strides, Rod The Mod comes dancing out of the wings as the band strike up a greasy, trucking version of 'Hot Legs'.

The band are tight, guitars swaying in the night, horn section rolling. Rod's in good voice and, despite the thousands leaving the festival because of the appalling weather, those that remain forget the rain and get into it.

The last time I saw Rod Stewart was back in the days when he was still singing Jimi Hendrix's 'Angel', 'Jealous Guy' by John Lennon and Chuck Berry's 'Sweet Little Rock And Roller' . . . ah, but that was over ten years ago. How was I to know back then that the next time I saw him perform it would *not* be with the Faces, and all my favourite songs – with the obvious exception of 'Maggie May' – would be consigned to the history books.

Funnily enough, it didn't matter. Whatever magic Rod Stewart possesses as a rock and roller will be his for the rest of his life. These days the songs are more Las Vegas . . . 'You're In My Heart', 'Baby Jane', 'Tonight's The Night', 'Young Turks', 'Passion' . . . but the athleticism is still all there, the voice still carries that *edge* and, well, he *did* throw in a very tasty version of Otis Redding's 'Sitting On The Dock Of The Bay'.

Later, after half-a-dozen footballs have been shot with Dalglish-like precision into the goal mouth of the crowd, he's into 'Maggie May' and the time-warp is complete. I'm ligging at the side of the stage, plonked right next to the roadie who chucks out the footballs. And I figure, what the hell, it's my last night.

So I stoop down and pick up one of Rod's footballs and . . . this is my chance . . . this is what I came to Rio to do . . .

One kick later and the ball is travelling through the air. I turn my back on the stage and pick my way through the dark to my waiting limo . . .

THE END

(Thank God for that! – rest of Kerrang! *staff)*

"OH KRUSHER, I wish I'd neevvveerrr seeeeenn your FACE . . .!"

Rod Stewart basks in the heavy-lidded glory of (yet) another easy soccer victory beneath the indescribably hot Brazilian sun. Nice one, Rodneee . . .

Pic Justin Thomas

Pic Justin Thomas

KOVERING THE ackshun with every dodgy side-step they take, pretty pouting Mick Wall (centre) and stupendously suntanned Ross Halfin (right) are seen above in business-like konference with 'Rock In Rio' press-person Angie Errigo

YES? WELL, er, no, actually. Finances dictated that Wall and Halfin (poor sods) had to leave Brazil the day after Yes arrived (lucky buggers, ha, ha, ha) in downtown Rio De Janeiro. Hence, scarce coverage from our intrepid duo. By the way, Yes sent us a telegram thanking us for their exclusive exclusion . . . p'rhaps they know something we don't!

Pic Robert Ellis

ANIMAL MAGNUM-TISM

MAGNUM have been through some tough times, but they've still gotta lotta bottle. DEREK OLIVER toasts the band's champagne return to the Kingdom Of Madness

"THERE WASN'T a problem as such, it's just that it looked hopeless, looked a little bleak for a while . . ."

Tony Clarkin looks different, looks new. There's no beard, and he looks . . . well. Seated next to Magnum vocalist Bob Catley, Clarkin is talking about the band's one-time deal with *Jet Records* . . .

"The deal simply is finished. It came up for automatic renewal but they opted not to continue and released us."

I'd heard different; there were rumours that to get out of *Jet's* water-tight clutches you actually had to split the band. Is that true?

"Those rumours started in the business and were compounded by the press. It's just that we didn't confirm or deny it. *Jet* could've done more for us, but equally we could have done a lot more ourselves. It was shared blame; 50-50. You've got to remember that Magnum are a very uncommercial band and, quite honestly, I think *Jet* were brave to put our records out. I'm not bitter, nor disillusioned, just keen to continue."

SO, PLAY on. The tour bus looks clean, the band are jovial, the girls look, er, accommodating and this seems about as good a time as any to hit the pause button and join the lad Cronin for a real mobile party.

Magnum, the band, have been ensconced in this rolling lounge-cum-bedsit for the last five weeks, travelling on a tour that is not only reintroducing them to their established fans, but is also attracting so many first timers that the shows are *actually making money*. The boys are happy, the crew look fit and those wimmin . . . mmmmm! If that's what shaving off a beard can do, what, I wonder, would be the outcome of Clarkin's removal of 'The Hat'?

Prior to this burst of tour mania, Magnum had remained a tight, compact, stable unit. But recent months have seen a couple of line-up shuffles. There have been changes and spirits have flown. Out, then, are drummer Kex Gorin (a founder member of Magnum and now in the Robin George band) and keyboard king Mark Stanway (flirting currently with Phil Lynott). The new arrivals are Jim Simpson (ex-Bloomsbury Set – anyone remember them as support to Judie Tzuke a couple of years back?) and Eddie George, drums and keyboards respectively. (*Since this feature was written, George has left the band – his replacement on a temporary 'guest' basis is the aforementioned Stanway*).

Pic Peter Cronin

BOB CATLEY: "Success? I'd prefer respect!"

And that's not the only major change in the Magnum scheme of things. A deal has recently been struck with ever-improving *Heavy Metal Records*. Magnum will firstly release a single for the label called 'Just Like An Arrow' (probably their most commercially viable song ever) followed by an album produced by Kit Woolven (who has recently worked with Thin Lizzy and Dave Gilmour), to be issued in May.

"The songs we're writing now," says Tony Clarkin, "are more accessible, but they still retain our credibility – we're going for a more diversified base. The songs are still wide, dramatic, moody . . . and good."

"Yeah, I think we'll make it . . . whatever that may mean," chuckles Bob Catley. "Everyone has so much confidence in the band that I think we'll go on to bigger things. I don't know how long it'll take, but we'll get there. Success? I'd prefer respect!"

"We've progressed slowly," adds Clarkin. "Everything about Magnum has always been so bloody casual, always been so, er, gentlemanly . . . it's as though we haven't realised that the days are gone when it works, being just a musician . . . and you expected us to be bitter?"

WARDOUR STREET is swamped with denim and leather as we turn off Shaftesbury Avenue towards the world famous Marquee club. It's here that the band will play the second of two sold-out performances. A quick pint in the Ship to calm the nerves, a short hop to the dressing room and then . . . then the lights burn out and Magnum float their tender ardour to a sea of burning gratitude.

It's like witnessing the homecoming of a long-absent girlfriend or the birth of a child – sweet, simple, uncomplicated and gracious. Clarkin dominates, 'The Hat' giving him a rustic demeanour, his waistcoat decorated with a fine gold watch chain. Meanwhile, Bob Catley spins, grins cheekily and cavorts like a 20th Century court jester.

The songs and intentions still remain challenging. The set now boasts at least eight new songs; all very Magnum and all very magnificient. From the past is 'Soldier Of The Line', 'The Spirit' and 'The Lights Burned Out'; a trio of enticing personal statements brought to life by the spirited Clarkin/Catley delivery.

Magnum provide everything on one generous plate; intense content, beautiful melody and technical supremacy.

Experienced bassman Wally Lowe leads the way for new drummer boy Jim Simpson like the seasoned trooper he is. And keyboard player Eddie George provides as many (if not *more*) of those tantalising ivory flurries as his predessesors.

But to talk about Magnum live is to talk about them *now*. The new songs are exciting and movingly brought to life by a combination of sure-footed experience and raw, undiluted enthusiasm. 'Just Like An Arrow', if there's any justice, will put them into the singles charts; while the beautifully docile 'Les Morts Dansant' will undoubtedly make one helluva album track. *The* Magnum opus, though, must surely be 'How Far Jerusalem', a torchlight of flaring ambition combining the best of Magnum's varied modes into one sensationally constructed epic. There wasn't a dry eye in the house.

MAGNUM NEVER went away, they just took time out to negotiate a rather tricky patch. This isn't a borderline case, this is a band comin' from centrefield, eyes blazing with burning ambition.

Believe me, it's an awesome sight to behold.

Pic Peter Cronin

MAGNUM (from left) Wally Lowe, Jim Simpson, Tony Clarkin, Bob Catley, Eddie George (departed)

ERIC CLAPTON: 'gone was the faltering Guitar Hero of yesteryear . . .'

A TOUCH OF CLASS

ERIC CLAPTON
Wembley Arena, London

MASSED DANCING broke out in the aisles and the thunder of cheers visibly shook Eric Clapton when he reached the climax of an historic Wembley concert. Gone was the faltering Guitar Hero of yesteryear, racked by doubts and illness. In his place stood the new Eric Clapton, a man of calm authority and musical stature. He played and played, determined to please and satisfy, without compromising his age-old beliefs in blues and soul.

Armed with a sturdy band, enlivened by two sexy chick singers, Eric spanned his remarkable career with a non-stop blast of great songs lovingly played. Clad in a simple white outfit, he swayed over his guitar and delivered with all the accumulated experience of the years. Having seen EC play with every band he's been involved with since the Yardbirds, I can honestly say he's never played better. He's expanded on his technique, brought in many new ideas and yet retained that singing, melodic quality and smooth tone that has always been his hallmark. Whether this sounds as impressive or exciting as the work of latter day HM guitar giants is neither here nor there. Eric is in a class of his own and the thousands packed into Wembley loved it all.

Even I was surprised at the pulling power (musically speaking, of course) that Eric exercises in 1985. Disenfranchised rock fans who aren't even supposed to exist, according to present theory, poured into Wembley in droves, devouring three quid programmes and even more expensive T-shirts. And judging from the mix of accents they had come from all over Britain.

"Shut up thee silly bitch!" bellowed one Yorkshire voice behind my right ear. Someone seemed to have a phobia about Eric's two comely singers, Sean Murphy and Marcia Levy. But he was a lone voice. Most cheered their high powered solo spots and admired Marcia's tight dress. Both were decked out like GI pin-ups from the Fifties, and wiggled their tambourines with deft aplomb.

The show began somewhat shakily with 'Changes', one of the best cuts on the 'Money And Cigarettes' album, although it sounded like one of the guitarists, Eric, Tim Renwick or Donald 'Duck' Dunn on bass, was playing in the wrong key and failed to make the right change. The riff lacked the special flavour it has on the album, but from here on in the performance level just got better. It was good to see Jamie Oldacre back on drums, a forceful, neat and uncluttered player, while Tim Renwick turned in as many good solos as his Guv'nor. Chris Stainton on piano and synth, meanwhile, provided several of the night's high spots with his exuberant blues 'n' boogie style.

Sometimes the band gave the impression of not being able to hear each other too well, a common fault on a big stage, and some of the numbers like 'I Shot The Sheriff' were played a shade too heavy, doubtless to reach out into the Wembley vastness.

There were a few items from the new Clapton album including 'Same Old Blue', delivered at a very slow drag tempo with a heavy off-beat and the girls yelling a chorus of 'Oh yeahs'. 'Tangle With Love', however, roared along at a gallop, then Sean Murphy leapt up front in her ski-pants while the male chauvinist from the Dales bawled enough abuse to give any women's committee apoplexy.

The guitars set up a relaxed choogling beat for 'Lay Down Sally', Marcia Levy sang a lusty slow ballad, and then came one of my favourite pieces of the night, a superb version of 'Badge' from Cream days, complete with a ringing solo from Tim. 'Wonderful Tonight' and 'Let It Rain' followed complete with lighting effects.

Gone are the times when fans would bellow at Eric to play this or that tune; and consequently he plays more guitar with greater drive than ever. On 'Have You Ever Loved A Woman' he alternated guitar and vocal phrases with an all-consuming passion that would have pleased the most devout fan of John Mayall's Blues Crusade. Well, it certainly pleased me and all the Clapton *aficionados* I spotted in the audience, including the Stratford Clapton Appreciation Society.

The reaction to the familiar opening chords of 'Layla' was amazing and the security men gave up trying to stop the dancing, while the encore 'Knock On Wood', the 1967 Eddie Floyd hit, was a celebration – for Eric and the music of his generation. I half expected to see Phil Collins, his current producer, come on stage and join in a chorus. But the night belonged to Eric and his band.

CHRIS WELCH

ULI JON ROTH & ELECTRIC SUN/ROBIN GEORGE & DANGEROUS MUSIC
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Onstage he lays bare all aspects of his soul. He is in turn a

KONTINUES PAGE 52

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KONCERTZ

FROM PAGE 51

philosopher, a poet, a preacher, a creator, a composer. He swoops with his airbrush, he strokes with his quill, he thrusts with his sword, he anoints with his breath.

Onstage, Uli portrays anger, angst, passion, respect, grace, nobility, poise, fire, peace. This is a man apart from the ordinary, who is not so much defining new boundaries of musical excellence as providing a communion with nature. (*I thought it was the worst gig I've ever seen! – Ray Palmer.*)

But let's be a little less obtuse. It's so easy to get carried aloft by Uli's *persona*, to get lost in the breadth of his vision and foresight. For, leaving aside all of Roth's own reflective desires, fears and optimism, there is no doubt that even those who wish to merely (?) enjoy a 'good night out' will find much to appreciate in this show. Forgetting about the poor lighting (a disgrace), the slightly imbalanced sound (a pity) and the inevitability of early tour deficiencies (missed cues, occasionally overlong pauses), Uli Jon Roth & Electric Sun are a superb musical experience.

The basic structure of the set is drawn from the sturdy cedars of the 'Beyond the Astral Skies' album, a mixture of baroque complexity, sheer quasi-religious operatic *bravura* and over-wound rock mechanisms. Twinkling between the '. . . Astral . . .' foliage are new numbers such as 'Starlight' (a relaxed heartbeat tempo with delicate muscular twitches) and 'Neptunian Love' (a potential hit single, not far removed from the Beatles' 'From Me To You').

Scorpions fans of old could enjoy the relocated memories of 'Polar Nights' and 'Dark Lady' (devastatingly heavy). Guitar freaks could indulge their fantasies to the brim as Uli proved himself one of the most elegant yet chameleon-like (twisting from contortionate bending and framing of octave leaping dragons into gentle, languid pools of flushed aptitude) players on the scene; there are only a handful of true rock guitar giants in the world today – Uli Jon Roth is one of them.

And I can't forget the Electric Sun Band Uli has wrapped around his chords. Drummer Clive Bunker and bassist Ilbert Stubbs are a fine rhythm pairing, the keyboards of Larry Dawson and John Young swoop and sustain their complementary roles with a closely controlled deference to The Master. And vocalists Nicky Moore and last-minute guest Michael Flechsich (a member of Zeno and a wonderfully impassioned performer) provide the right tone of quality without overbearing and unnecessary histrionics.

But it always comes back to Uli. There may be more exciting, louder and more powerful displays to be seen during '85 but none, I'll wager now, will come close to matching the emotional fulfilment this man instils into his public. Whatever your taste in rock, from Venom to Foreigner or from Voi Vod to Airrace, you *have* to see this man because . . . well, because anyone who can close his set with a rendition of the climax of Beethoven's 'Symphony No. 9' and have the audience greeting it as a long-lost friend is, I'm sure you'd agree, very special, a man apart.

Whilst UJR is indeed unique (giving him your respect is the very *least* he deserves), then Robin George is part of the crowd, but destined to rise head and shoulders above the run-of-the-mill star. He's got a long way to go.

THE RAMONES
Lyceum, London

ON YER MARKS . . . Set . . Go . . .
"1,2,3,4" – Vrrrooommm . . .
"1,2,3,4" – Speed Kills . . .
"1,2,3,4," – Absolute Total Death . . .
"1,2,3,4" – Frash Rules OK . . .
"1,2,3,4" – Sulphate Metal, Yeah, Yeah . . .

Well, 'Billies', I hope you understood the above waffle. If not, let me explain. Yer see, folks, da Ramones play what can only be described as 'Serious Janet And-John-Frash-Speed-Metal', and believe me they go at full pelt. What most bands do in a two hour set the Ramones will save you valuable tavern time by churning out in half the time.

Despite the total energy that obviously goes into a Ramones Speed Evening, they lacked variety. I must say I found their repertoire a touch samey; hardly surprising when every song is called '1,2,3,4'. Maybe when the Ramones have learnt to count up to 5 we'll be in for a treat.

XAVIER RUSSELL

Pic Peter Cronin

JOEY RAMONE: the same old song and dance

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to go, but he *will* make it into the megastar league. On this night, Robin and his band prove they've got the right idea if not quite the experience to make it count.

'Heartline' receives a virtual hero's welcome and the band are slowly overcoming the inevitable difficulties of translating such an essentially *studio* album as 'Dangerous Music' into a credible stage set. Give them six months and this lot will destroy with a minimal flick of the wrist.

MALCOLM DOME

NIGHTFLY
Marquee, London

BY RIGHTS, I should probably be launching into a slobbering rave over Nightfly's explorative, buck-skinned Americanisms and teen dream innocence but . . . but Nightfly became a little decentralised, stylistically speaking that is, turning a genuinely good vibe into one of utter intolerance. There *was* heart 'n' soul abounding, but then someone pulled the plug . . . and that's when alienation crept in – terminally!

So there we were, decadent Dante, dandy Doom, roving Russell and . . . me, eyes twisting, looking for an escape route. Not to be, Doom was already thrusting the pen and paper my way. Down to me, then, to replay the imperfections of what, on the face of it, looked like an enticing combination of raw guitar sauciness (provided, of course, by Micky Moody), shifting, broody bass moods (from the sultry Boz Burrell), novelty value stickhem perusal (Zak Starkey – son of Ringo, who was actually in attendance . . . swoon!) and an inspirational introducton to a couple of newcomers (vocalist Spencer James and ivory tinkler Mike Simmonds).

The talent was evident, although most of the set appeared to be stuck firmly in the funk rock groove, tipping a hat to a variety of influences from the heavy bass-drum sound of 'Custard Pie' period Zeppelin, through to the Metal soul of Mothers Finest, the herky-jerkiness of Steely Dan and finally the overt saleability of (danceable) Hall & Oates. Tunes about fun, girls and other real-worldly matters sandwiched utterly catchy choruses ('Heartbreak' and especially 'No, Not Tonight') and a flair for captivating varied melody, or so it seemed . . .

First a blues . . . boring, unoriginal and homicidal in length. The blues is about being low, being baad – from the heart, from the soul; cool by temperament, not by insistence. Moody's guitar just kept on and on and . . . jeez, if I ever see another tortured grimace like that I think I'll bite my leg off! It's not that they're walking a well worn path or boldly coming out of left field or even that they're occasionally brilliant. It's just that they're not even attempting to be original, and that's the rub. Half an hour of Nightfly is all it takes to be convinced, but from then on it's a pure case of general selfish obsessiveness that drags the spirit of optimism through the exit signs and on to the Soho streets. Unamazing.

DEREK OLIVER

VENTURE
Marquee, London

EXHAUSTING TIMES – keeping up with the current crop of club level talent is like constantly running for a bus, putting one foot on the platform, then realising it's the wrong number. Sometimes I get the weirdest feelings . . .

The image and associated sound of Venture are without doubt a lethal stab at wiping around the edges of that great wash basin of brooding isolation (and blow-dried immaculately permed barnets!) termed (non) affectionately AOR. Cunningly conceived by the Cyndi Lauper-sized Neal '*I found Iron Maiden and look where they are now*' Kay, manager, mentor, Svengali etc., this 'project' reeks with the plain intention of grabbing a slice of the action, whatever that may be.

Venture, then, come across as five intelligent good-natured kids juggling painfully with the wrong end of someone else's confused ambition; they're about as in touch with the modern world of rock as my old pal Alvin Lee, and that, son, is not meant to be a joke.

Musically? Well, I guess they sit somewhere between Foreigner and Journey, boasting an assortment of perms, sweatshirts, pastel jackets, thrift shop *chic*, toy mini-moogs, walkie talkies, guitars with the top strings missing . . . you know the score. There were a few glimmers of hope, though; the ballad 'More Than I Miss You' seemed a fair bet for chart success should they so desire, and 'Don't Go' was typical of the more uptempo numbers, full of infectious hooklines and captivating guitar figures. The volume, however, was sickening – just when are bands of this ilk going to realise that you don't have to play at 20,000 watts to move emotions?

They're young, they're being chaperoned and they've got a lot to learn . . . but, as I pointed out, there is a genuine spark of ingenuity which, if they're wise, they'll kindle some place a lot less public.

DEREK OLIVER

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22 TWO STEPS FROM THE MOVE **Hanoi Rocks** (CBS)
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24 OUT FOR THE COUNT **TKO** (Music For Nations)
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26 THE LAST IN LINE **Dio** (Vertigo)
27 THUNDER SEVEN **Triumph** (MCA)
28 RIDE THE LIGHTNING **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
29 BARBELL IS IN **IQ** (Sahara 45)
30 BEYOND THE ASTRAL SKIES **Uli Jon Roth & Electric Sun** (EMI)

Compiled by Alice's Restaurant

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STAR CHOICE

MAXINE PETRUCCI (MADAM X)
'LOSS OF CONTROL' Van Halen (track from the '1984' LP on Warner Brothers)
'LONDON LEATHER BOYS' Accept (track from the 'Balls To The Wall' LP on Portrait)
'BALLS TO THE WALL' Accept (track from the 'Balls To The Wall' LP on Portrait)

TONY MILLS (SHY)
'ZIGGY STARDUST – THE MOVIE' David Bowie (RCA)
'HUMAN MENAGERIE' Cockney Rebel (EMI)
'HEARTBEAT CITY' The Cars (Elektra)

PETE GOALBY (URIAH HEEP)
'LAYLA' Derek & The Dominos (RSO 45)
'RIVER DEEP/MOUNTAIN HIGH' Ike & Tina Turner (Old Gold 45)
'ELIMINATOR' ZZ Top (Warner Brothers)

ROBIN GEORGE
'RUN TO YOU' Bryan Adams (A&M 45)
'THE BOYS OF SUMMER' Don Henley (Geffen 45)
'WE BELONG' Pat Benatar (Chrysalis 45)

IMPORTS

1 CANADIAN ASSAULT **Venom** (Banzai)
2 METAL HEART **Accept** (RCA)
3 ROUGH CUTT **Rough Cutt** (Warner Brothers)
4 THE RIGHT TO ROCK **Keel** (Gold Mountain)
5 FIONA **Fiona** (Atlantic)
6 METAL INQUISITION **Piledriver** (Cobra)
7 METAL CHURCH **Metal Church** (Steamhammer)
8 FIERCE HEART **Fierce Heart** (Mirage)
9 FLIGHT OF THE GRIFFIN **Griffin** (Shrapnel)
10 IN THE SIGN OF EVIL **Sodom** (Devil's Game)

PANDORA PEROXIDE

SINGLES

1 RUN TO YOU **Bryan Adams** (A&M)
2 LEGS (METAL MIX) **ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)
3 FOREVER MAN **Eric Clapton** (Warner Brothers)
4 SUSSUDIO **Phil Collins** (Virgin)
5 YOU'RE THE INSPIRATION **Chicago** (Full Moon)
6 JUST ANOTHER NIGHT **Mick Jagger** (CBS)
7 THE BOYS OF SUMMER **Don Henley** (Geffen)
8 RADIOACTIVE **The Firm** (Atlantic)
9 I WANT TO KNOW WHAT LOVE IS **Foreigner** (Atlantic)
10 THE HEAT IS ON **Glenn Frey** (MCA)
11 CALIFORNIA GIRLS **David Lee Roth** (Warner Brothers)
12 WE BELONG **Pat Benatar** (Chrysalis)
13 LET ME DOWN EASY **The Stranglers** (Epic)
14 LAND OF HOPE AND GLORY **Ex Pistols** (Cherry Red)
15 CHASING THE NIGHT/HOWLING AT THE MOON (SHA LA LA) **The Ramones** (Beggars Banquet)
16 MANITOU **Venom** (Neat)
17 THE OLD MAN DOWN THE ROAD **John Fogerty** (Warner Brothers)
18 LOVE AIN'T NO STRANGER **Whitesnake** (Liberty)
19 GIMME ALL YOUR LOVIN' **ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)
20 CAN'T FIGHT THIS FEELING **REO Speedwagon** (Epic)
21 SEA OF LOVE **Honeydrippers** (Es Paranza)
22 JUST A SHADOW **Big Country** (Mercury)
23 PERFECT STRANGERS **Deep Purple** (Polydor)
24 THE NIGHT THE MASTER COMES **Uli John Roth And Electric Sun** (EMI)
25 ANIMAL (**** LIKE A BEAST) **W.A.S.P.** (Music For Nations)
26 HIGH IN HIGH SCHOOL **Madam X** (Jet)
27 SPY **Robin George** (Bronze)
28 I CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT YOUR LOVE **Terraplane** (Epic)
29 HOT FOR TEACHER **Van Halen** (Warner Brothers)
30 SCHOOL DAZE **W.A.S.P.** (Capitol)

PLAYLIST

MALCOLM DOME
'DANGEROUS MUSIC' Robin George (Bronze 'white label' 45)
'MIRACLE' Darren Dean Wharton (track from forthcoming LP on Phonogram)
'METAL HEART' Accept (Portrait)

MICK 'THE KID' WALL
'SHE'S THE BOSS' Mick Jagger (CBS)
'WEE BAAD' Max & The Broadway Metal Choir (demo)
'POWER & PASSION' Mama's Boys (Jive)

GEOFF BARTON
'CRAZY SALLY' Nuhaven (track from the 'Metal Over America' LP on Mausoleum)
'METAL CHURCH' Metal Church (Steamhammer import)
'DOGS ON LEADS' Accept (track from the 'Metal Heart' LP on Portrait)

DANTE BONUTTO
'TOO HIGH TO GET IT RIGHT' Accept (track from the 'Metal Heart' LP on Portrait)
'POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL' Uriah Heep (track from the 'Equator' LP on Portrait)
'SOME LIKE IT HOT' The Power Station (Parlophone 12" 45)

STARTING THIS issue, the *Kerrang!* Albums, Singles and Imports charts enter a unique new era.

Spotlight Publications' very own research department is now kompiling the charts *in-house*, in klose konsultation with the *Kerrang!* krew and a wide variety of record retailers.

We're konfident that this new approach will make our charts better than ever before and a truly accurate reflection of the type of disks you are buying.

'Last issue' positions will, of course, return in our next edition . . .

ALBUMS

1 NO JACKET REQUIRED **Phil Collins** (Virgin)
2 RECKLESS **Bryan Adams** (A&M)
3 BUILDING THE PERFECT BEAST **Don Henley** (Geffen)
4 THE FIRM **The Firm** (Atlantic)
5 CRAZY FROM THE HEAT **David Lee Roth** (Warner Brothers)
6 DANGEROUS MUSIC **Robin George** (Bronze)
7 ELIMINATOR **ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)
8 AGENT PROVOCATEUR **Foreigner** (Atlantic)
9 BEYOND THE ASTRAL SKIES **Uli John Roth And Electric Sun** (EMI)
10 HITS OUT OF HELL **Meat Loaf** (Cleveland)
11 CENTERFIELD **John Fogerty** (Warner Brothers)
12 VULTURE CULTURE **The Alan Parsons Project** (Arista)
13 LOST AND FOUND **Jason And The Scorchers** (EMI America)
14 THE MINI ALBUM **Sex Pistols** (Chaos)
15 GIUFFRIA **Giuffria** (MCA)
16 TROPICO **Pat Benatar** (Chrysalis)
17 BAT OUT OF HELL **Meat Loaf** (Cleveland)
18 TOO TOUGH TO DIE **The Ramones** (Beggars Banquet)
19 HONEYDRIPPERS VOLUME ONE **Honeydrippers** (Es Paranza)
20 PERFECT STRANGERS **Deep Purple** (Polydor)
21 WHITE SISTER **White Sister** (Heavy Metal America)
22 REAL TO REEL **Marillion** (EMI)
23 1984 **Van Halen** (Warner Brothers)
24 TEJAS **ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)
25 12 GOLD BARS VOLUME 2 **Status Quo** (Vertigo)
26 LIVE AT THE INFERNO **Raven** (Neat)
27 THE DEED IS DONE **Molly Hatchet** (Epic)
28 BAD ATTITUDE **Meat Loaf** (Arista)
29 ISOLATION **Toto** (Epic)
30 SHOUT AT THE DEVIL **Mötley Crüe** (Elektra)
31 DEGUELLO **ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)
32 DEEP PURPLE IN ROCK **Deep Purple** (Warner Brothers)
33 AURAL SCULPTURE **The Stranglers** (Epic)
34 BRING ME THE HEAD OF YURI GAGARIN **Hawkwind** (Demi Monde)
35 POWERSLAVE **Iron Maiden** (EMI)
36 FIREBALL **Deep Purple** (Harvest)
37 TWO STEPS FROM THE MOVE **Hanoi Rocks** (CBS)
38 MACHINE HEAD **Deep Purple** (Harvest)
39 W.A.S.P. **W.A.S.P.** (Capitol)
40 MOB RULES **Black Sabbath** (Vertigo)
41 VICES **Kick Axe** (Epic)
42 FLASHPOINT **Tangerine Dream** (Heavy Metal Worldwide)
43 THIS IS HAWKWIND, DO NOT PANIC **Hawkwind** (Flicknife)
44 TOOTH AND NAIL **Dokken** (Elektra)
45 HOT TONIGHT **Lionheart** (CBS)
46 ROCK PRETTY **Various** (Heavy Metal Records)
47 IN YOUR FACE **TKO** (Music For Nations)
48 HEART OF STEEL **Reckless** (Heavy Metal America)
49 MIDNIGHT FLIGHT **Earthshaker** (Music For Nations)
50 RED HOT & HEAVY **Pretty Maids** (CBS)

LADY Killers

JUDIE TZUKE

I FIRST fell in love with Judie Tzuke about 30 seconds into 'Stay With Me 'Til Dawn', her first ever single all those many years ago. Since then I have remained a loyal and devoted follower as Ms Tzuke continued to release some of the most stunningly beautiful music to grace both airwaves and turntables the length and breadth of the country.

Sadly, after the mind-bogglingly wonderful 'Ritmo' album, Judie fell from Chrysalis Records' good books and found herself out on the streets without a deal or a band. Then the smart folk up at Maison Rouge Studios offered her a deal through Legacy, the in-house label, and with producer Paul Muggleton at her side she stormed back with a super version of the Motown classic 'Why'.

Now Judie has released a new single, 'I'll Be The One', and in a rare, foolhardy moment agreed to let Kerrang! kameraman Ray Palmer into her home to snap the artiste in repose. Palmer gibbered uncontrollably but remained in command of his faculties long enough to snap this.

All I can say is, Judie, it's great to have you back – and when do we get the album?

DAVE DICKSON

Pic Ray Palmer